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A new illustration
Book 2. Please find the
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HONOURABLE
OBSERVATIONS

O N A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

LITERARY, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS;

IN A SERIES OF

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

**WRITTEN by a GENTLEMAN of FOREIGN
EXTRACTION, who resided some Time in
PHILADELPHIA.**

Car. 1774

**REVISED by a FRIEND, to whose Hands the
Manuscript was committed for Publication.**

P H I L A D E L P H I A :
P R I N T E D B Y J O H N D U N L A P .

M,DCC,LXXIV.

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TO THE HONOURABLE
JAMES HAMILTON, Esq;
OF BUSH-HILL,

IN THE PROVINCE OF
PENNSYLVANIA,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF
GRATITUDE,

FOR MANY INSTANCES OF
HOSPITALITY

AND

DISINTERESTED KINDNESS,

THESE LETTERS

ARE MOST HUMBLY AND
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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C O N T E N T S.

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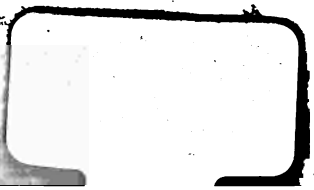
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L E T T E R

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of the 2nd Volume, in the
country of the

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OBSERVATIONS



OBSERVATIONS


ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS, &c.

LETTER I.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the LORD
VISCOUNT P——, at OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Y the last New-York mail
I received a letter from
CHARLES, informing me
of your Lordship's re-
turn from *Italy*, and your resolution of
spending a few months at *Oxford*. I well
know your particular attachment to the
agreeable society of *Magdalen-Hall*, and
A could

could almost wish myself for a few weeks upon the banks of *Ips*, that I might be an humble partaker of that *feast of reason and that flow of soul*, in which you bear so illustrious a part. But I must stay out the time of my transportation.* Two years at least was the period, which my good Lord H—— allotted me to spend in this, and one or two neighbouring provinces of North-America. Think not, however, that I repine at my situation. I am delighted with this country. *The NEW WORLD is indeed launched forth*, and has proceeded more than half-way to meet the OLD. But if the country itself was not so charming, as it really must appear to every impartial eye, yet I have been placed in such circumstances,

* A merry allusion to the case of those convicts, who are sentenced to be transported to America for a certain number of years.

ces, as could not fail of making any spot upon earth agreeable. I have been happily introduced to a set of acquaintance, whose hospitality, good sense, and good humour, do honour to human nature. I am entertained at a merchant's house in this city, who is of the sect of people called *Quakers*, and is possessed of as much urbanity and true politeness as I have ever met with.

I am now sitting at a window, that overlooks the majestic *Delaware*, compared with which our *Isis* and *Cherwell*, though immortalized in song, would appear but little babbling brooks. The woods along the opposite shore of *New-Jersey* are clothed in their brightest verdure, and afford a pleasing rest and refreshment to the eye, after it hath glanced across the watry mirror. Whilst

I am writing this, three topsail vessels, wafted along by a gentle southerly breeze, are passing by my window.

The voice of industry perpetually resounds along the shore; and every wharf within my view is surrounded with groves of masts, and heaped with commodities of every kind, from almost every quarter of the globe.

I cannot behold this lively active scene, without lamenting, that the streams of commerce should ever be checked in their course, or directed to wander in other channels, than those which they now possess. Was your Lordship to be but a few months on the spot, you would feel the force of this reflection; and I am sure, your justly-acquired influence in a British Parliament would soon be exerted to silence

hence the clamours of jealousy, and rectify the misinformed zeal of true patriotism. I know that you move in a much larger sphere, than is generally circumscribed by the hand of party; and if you have hitherto voted on the side of Administration, it was because you have hitherto apprehended it to be the side of justice: For your honest heart is ever ready to embrace TRUTH, even when introduced to you in the form of a JUNIUS or a WILKES.—But I am not going to enter upon the field of politicks—This I leave to CHARLES, who has often told us, that he would not give a farthing for a conversation that was not well seasoned with *religion* or *politics*. I only mean to entertain your Lordship at present, with a short account of what I have seen and heard since I have been in this city.

Dean PRIDEAUX, in his connection of the Old and New Testament, speaks of WILLIAM PENN's having laid out his new city after the plan of BABYLON. Perhaps it might be difficult at this time of day to ascertain, what this plan was. Be this as it may, I am not so well versed in antiquity as to be able to pronounce, whether there is the least resemblance or not betwixt BABYLON and PHILADELPHIA. Of this, however, your Lordship may be certain, that no city could be laid out with more beauty and regularity than PHILADELPHIA. Its streets cross each other at right angles : Those which run from north to south being parallel to each other, as well as those from east to west. Notwithstanding the vast progress that has been already made, a considerable time must elapse before the whole plan is executed.

ecuted. The buildings from north to south, along the bank of the Delaware, including the suburbs, now extend near two miles, and those from east to west, about half a mile from the river. But, according to the original plan, they are to extend as far, nay farther, I believe, than the beautiful river *Schuylkill*, which runs about two miles west of *Delaware*.

The principal street, which is an hundred feet wide, would have a noble appearance, were it not for an ill contrived court-house, and a long range of shambles, which they have stuck in the very middle of it. This may, indeed, be very convenient for the inhabitants, and on their market-days exhibits such a scene of plenty, as is scarcely to be equalled by any single market in Europe,

rope.—But I am apt to think, that moveable stalls, contrived so as to afford shelter from the weather, would have answered the purpose full as well; and then the avenue might have been left entirely open.—The streets are all well paved in the middle for carriages, and there is a foot-path of hard bricks on each side next the houses.—The houses in general are plain, but not elegant, for the most part built upon the same plan, a few excepted, which are finished with some taste, and neatly decorated within.—The streets are well lighted by lamps, placed at proper distances; and watchmen and scavengers* are constantly employed for security and cleanliness.

Almost

* The author has been misinformed in this article—There are no scavengers in Philadelphia yet; but it is hoped, that a regulation of this kind will soon take place.

Almost every sect in Christendom have here found an happy asylum; and such is the Catholick spirit that prevails, that I am told, they have frequently and chearfully assisted each other in erecting their several places of worship.—These places too generally partake of the plainness and neatness of their dwelling houses, being seldom enriched by any costly ornaments. Here are three churches that use the liturgy and ceremonies of our Church of England; but only two of them are under any episcopal jurisdiction. * CHRIST-CHURCH has by far the most venerable appearance of any building in this city; and the whole architecture, including

* Since the first publication of these letters. the Bishop of London, at the earnest request of the vestry-men and congregation of *St. Paul's Church*, has ordained and licensed their Minister.

including an elegant steeple, (which is furnished with a complete ring of bells) would not disgrace one of the finest streets in Westminster. The eastern front is particularly well designed and executed; but its beauty is in a great measure lost, by its being set too near the street, instead of being placed, as it ought to have been, forty or fifty feet back.

The STATE-HOUSE, as it is called, is a large plain building, two stories high—The lower story is divided into two large rooms, in one of which the Provincial Assembly meet, and in the other the Supreme Court of Judicature is held—The upper story consists of a long gallery which is generally used for public entertainments, and two rooms adjoining it, one of which is appropriated

ated for the Governor and his Council; the other, I believe, is yet unoccupied. In one of the wings, which join the main building, by means of a brick arcade, is deposited a valuable collection of books, belonging to a number of the citizens, who are incorporated by the name of THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. To this library I have free access by favour of my friend the merchant, who is one of the company. You would be astonished, my Lord, at the general taste for books, which prevails among all orders and ranks of people in this city.—The librarian assured me, that for one person of distinction and fortune, there were twenty tradesmen that frequented this library.

Behind .

Behind and adjoining to the State-house, was some time since erected a tower, of such miserable architecture, that the Legislature have wisely determined to let it go to decay (the upper part being entirely of wood) that it may hereafter be built upon a new and more elegant construction. Mr. F——, the late speaker of the Assembly, with whom I have several times conversed, informed me, that the plot of ground on which the State-house stands, and which is one of the squares of the city; is to be planted with trees, and divided into walks, for the recreation of the citizens. I could not help observing to him, that it would be a considerable improvement of their plan, if the Legislature could purchase another square, which lies to the south of this, and apply it to the same salutary

tary purpose; as otherwise, their walks must be very contracted, unless they make them of a circular or serpentine form.

The internal police of this city is extremely well regulated. You seldom hear of any such mobs or riots, as I am told, are frequent among their northern neighbours. The poor are amply provided for, and lodged and boarded in a very large and commodious building, to which they have given the name of THE HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT; because all such as are able to work are here employed in the different trades or manufactures to which they were brought up. This building likewise stands upon one of the city squares;

B

and

and when compleated, will form a quadrangle, as large, and of much the same appearance, as some of our colleges. In passing through the apartments, I observed and pointed out to one of the managers, who was so obliging as to accompany me, an inconvenience, which he assured me, would be rectified, as soon as their funds would admit of it, *viz.* The want of a few little private rooms, for the better accommodation of such poor, as have formerly lived in good circumstances, and whose misery must needs be considerably heightened by their being obliged to board and lodge in the same common and open apartment, with the vilest of their species.

For

For the sick and lunatick an HOSPITAL has been erected, by private contributions, under the particular countenance and encouragement of the Legislature.—The building is still unfinished.—I walked round it—but did not choose to venture into this retreat of human woe, as I had formerly suffered much from a visit to Bedlam.

Whilst I was at breakfast one day last week with Dr. M——, whom I had seen at Oxford some years ago, he received a card to attend a Public Commencement at the College the next day.—As I expressed a desire of accompanying him there, if it should not be inconvenient, he very politely called upon me in the morning, and took me into the apparatus-room, where the

Trustees or Governors of the College were met. There is no place or scene, that I have visited, since my arrival in America, at which I more ardently wished for your Lordship's presence, than this. I accompanied the procession of Trustees and Professors into their public hall. The Provost opened the Commencement with two or three Collects of our Liturgy, well chosen and adapted to the occasion, together with an excellent prayer of his own composition. The exercises were some in English, and some in Latin, consisting of Forensic and Syllogistic Disputations, and several little essays in the declamatory way, which the young Gentlemen, for the most part, delivered with propriety of pronunciation and action ;

action; though a Gentleman who sat next to me, declared, that the present candidates were by no means equal to many who had received the honours of this Seminary. Their pronunciation of the Latin, indeed, seemed to be a little defective; and yet they have an excellent pattern in the Gentleman who presided during the acts, who spake with great distinctness, and paid due regard to the quantity and emphasis.

The peculiar attention that is given in this Seminary to the English language, is worthy of being imitated by our Universities and Academies at home.—They have a Professor here, whose sole business it is to teach boys their native tongue grammatically,

matically, and instruct them in the method of reading and pronouncing it with propriety. For this purpose, he is frequently exercising them in little speeches, extracted from plays, parliamentary debates, Roman history, poems, sermons, &c. and I am told, that the Seminary owes much of its present reputation to this part of its plan.

The Professor of Languages has the Latin and Greek school in excellent order, both with respect to instruction and discipline; and he assured me, that he had seldom less than eighty or ninety boys under his care.—The higher classics are read in the Philosophical schools, under the direction of the Provost and Vice-Provost,

voft, who give lectures in Geography, Mathematics, Logic, Rhetoric, Natural and Moral Philosophy.

Upon the College has lately been engrafted a medical ſchool, with Profeſſors in all the branches neceſſary to complete a medical education.— So that they have now annually a courſe of Lectures in Anatomy, the Theory and Practice of Phyſic, Botany, Materia Medica, and Chymiſtry. Pupils from all parts of the continent, I am told, have crouded to Philadelphia ſince this ſchool was opened, as the advantages here are thought to be almoſt equal to thoſe in Europe. Nothing now ſeems to be wanting to render this Seminary an *Univerſity* in the largeſt ſenſe of the word, but two
more.

more professorships, one in Divinity, and the other in Civil and Municipal Law. The first of these, however, is supplied by the Provost himself, who reads a course of Divinity-Lectures, when any of his pupils declare themselves candidates for the Ministry.

One thing I must not omit, which cannot fail of giving pleasure to a benevolent heart; and that is, that to this College is annexed a *Charitable School*, in which youth of both sexes are instructed in all the necessary parts of a common English education. A merchant of my acquaintance assured me, that he knew several instances of the happy effects of this charity; and among the rest, that the young man, to whom he intrusted the chief part of his business

business, had received his education wholly at this school.

The situation of Philadelphia, in the very center of the British colonies, the manners of its inhabitants, the benevolent and catholic plan of this Seminary, which exceeds any thing I ever met with at home or abroad, together with the moderate expence of a learned education here, are circumstances, which, I am perswaded, must give this College the preference to any that are, or may be erected in North-America; and I doubt not, but that the inhabitants of the West-India Islands, many of whom have been well educated, and have an high taste for literature, did they once make the experiment, would soon be induced by the success to prefer an American

can to an English education, at least for the earlier season of their children's lives. For my part, I must confess, in spite of all my prejudices in favour of our beloved *Oxford*, that, had I a son, I should certainly choose to let him go through a course of education at Philadelphia College, before I ventured to send him to that University.—For your Lordship well knows, that what we principally expect from spending a few years at Oxford or Cambridge, are, the opportunities we have there of conversing with men of genius, and forming such useful and agreeable connections, as may contribute not a little to our future happiness in life.

The very ingenious Dr. F———N,
 who, your Lordship may remember
 was

was introduced to you one evening at the D——of N——d's, and who has been celebrated all over Europe for his discoveries in electricity, was among the first projectors of this institution : And I recollect, a few days since, to have heard a Gentleman of this city, who is a friend to literature, and no enemy to Dr. F——N, express an ardent wish, that he would relinquish his political employments, and once more resume the Philosophical Chair ; adding, that the calm regions of *Philosophy* would, in his opinion, agree much better with the Doctor's genius and disposition, than the stormy element of *Politics*.—Certain it is, that his fellow-citizens acknowledge themselves much indebted to him for many of the excellent institutions, that do honour to
their

their city and province. Nor are they without hopes, that he will yet return to his native Country, and employ the remainder of his days in assisting them to compleat the several plans, for the success of which he once appeared to be so much in earnest.

The College, however, is at present in good hands. Gentlemen of the first distinction for learning and fortune are among its Trustees. The Provost is well known for his literary character and excellent compositions, both in Europe and America. He was particularly patronized by the late good and learned Archbishop of Canterbury, whose memory your Lordship reveres; and by his influence, obtained his Majesty's brief for a collection throughout

throughout England for the joint benefit of this Seminary, and that of New-York. Your Lordship, I remember, was a contributor; and expressed your high approbation of the liberal and generous plan, on which it was founded. This plan is most religiously adhered to; and though among nine Professors, there are but three of the church of England, yet this is not owing to any neglect or disrespect towards the members of our communion, but because no more than these three have hitherto presented themselves as candidates for any Professorship; and the Trustees never enquire into the religious profession, (provided it be protestant) but solely into the literary merit and moral character of those that offer. The Vice-Provost is one of the eldest and most respectable

C

Ministers

Ministers of the Presbyterian Denomination; and has the honour of being among the first that introduced Science into this heretofore untutored wilderness.

I could not help expressing my surprise, in a conversation I had some time since with Mr. G——y (an eminent and worthy Lawyer in this city, and now Speaker of the House of Assembly) that the Legislature should never have taken this Seminary under their protection. The Hospital and House of Employment, I observed, had been favoured with their countenance. And, as the cultivation of the human mind is an object of much higher importance, than the care of the body; and the advantages derived from this College to the city and province, must needs be very considerable,

ble, I could not but think it very justly entitled to some share of their liberality. I do not recollect this Gentleman's answer;—but I make no doubt, upon a proper application, that his influence and interest would be cheerfully exerted in that Honourable House, to obtain an handsome endowment for this institution.

I have been the more minute and circumstantial in my account of the College, as I know your Lordship is particularly interested in the progress of literature; and I am happy in an opportunity of affording you a little entertainment, that will be agreeable to your taste.

I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S most sincere Friend,

And devoted Servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

July 4th, 1771.

P. S.

P. 3. I find CHARLES grows more and more dissatisfied with JUNIUS. He entreated Sir W——M D——R, who was at New-York, in October last, once more to enter the lists with this *Knight of the polished armour*. Sir W——M, however, very politely replied, that he had engagements on his hands at present of a more agreeable nature. Your Lordship has doubtless seen Lady D——R before this time, so that you may guess what these engagements were.

L E T T E R

 LETTER II.

TO CHARLES MARSEILLES,
ESQ; at NEW-YORK.

LIBERTY, déar CHARLES, is the genius of Pennsylvania. Its inhabitants think, and speak, and act from her immediate inspiration. The poorest labourer upon the shore of *Delaware* thinks himself intitled to deliver his sentiments in matters of religion or politics with as much freedom as the gentleman or the scholar. Indeed, there is less distinction among the citizens of *Philadelphia*, than among those of any civilized city in the world. Riches give none. For every man expects one day or another to be up-

on a footing with his wealthiest neighbour;—and in this hope, shews him no cringing servility, but treats him with a plain, though respectful familiarity. Offices or posts of honour give none—but such as every wise and virtuous man would allow to be necessary for the support of government. Literary accomplishments here meet with deserved applause. But such is the prevailing taste for books of every kind, that almost every man is a reader; and by pronouncing sentence, right or wrong, upon the various publications that come in his way, puts himself upon a level, in point of knowledge, with their several authors. This, you will say, is not peculiar to the *Philadelphians*, but may serve as a general character for most readers in the world—Be it so—You may see in one portrait the

the resemblance of many a face—But the strength of the *contour*, the particular arrangement of the features, the countenance, or some other striking circumstance, reminds you of the friend that it resembles most.

I mean not by this observation to insinuate any thing to the disadvantage of the *Philadelphians*.—I love and admire them too much to harbour even a thought of the kind. Their conduct uniformly flows from that spirit of freedom, which they inherit from a British ancestry, which has not been suffered to degenerate, but has rather acquired new vigour by being transplanted into an American soil.—Freedom of enquiry will necessarily lead to freedom of speech; and though an honest mind will sometimes be mistaken in its opinions

nions of men and things, yet its very mistakes are pardonable, inasmuch as they proceed not from a depraved heart, but a misinformed judgment. I love to hear a plain man deliver his real sentiments with that downright bluntness, which is generally characteristic of integrity ; though it may sometimes be affectedly assumed to hide a deceitful, or countenance an impertinent, temper.

Sitting the other day in one of the coffee-house boxes, I heard a person behind me giving his sentiments upon the letters of JUNIUS, one of which he had just been reading : “ I have no patience,” said he, “ with the admirers of “ this writer.—Fine-turned periods, “ brilliant similitudes, and choice expressions, may charm a superficial “ reader.—They are very pretty—but “ then

“ then their dazzling beauty so capti-
 “ vates the inferior faculties, that the
 “ judgment is not at liberty to examine
 “ the sentiments, if there be any, which
 “ they are intended to recommend and
 “ enforce.—Take from JUNIUS all
 “ his well-dressed personal invectives
 “ against his Sovereign and his Mini-
 “ sters, and try to find out what is his
 “ real aim, or whether liberty is so
 “ much in danger, as he would have
 “ us apprehend, from the D— of
 “ G—— and his puny associates;—
 “ and I believe you will be tempted
 “ to think, that he is only playing a
 “ part in a *Farce*, whose title should be
 “ *“Much ado about nothing.”*—For my
 “ part, I do really look upon all I
 “ have seen of his writings, to be no
 “ better than refined *Billingsgate*—
 “ *Rogue* and *rascal* would not have
 “ answered

“ answered his purpose so well—or he
 “ would have used them without cere-
 “ mony.”

This *critique* upon JUNIUS, whether it be just or not, seems to agree very well with the appellation you once gave him, of *the Knight of the polished armour*.—For, I suppose you meant, that his armour, though *dazzling bright*, was far from being *proof*.

Parties, I am told, some time ago, ran pretty high in this place.—Some were for changing the *Proprietary* into a *Regal* government;—for what reason I have not been able to discover; unless they could imagine, that the Administration at home, would be more anxious to preserve their privileges inviolate, than a *family*, whose immediate

ate interest it must needs be so to do. All is calm and serene at present.—People of different opinions can now talk with coolness upon the subject, and all seem to be united in one general desire to promote the real interests of their province.

So much, dear CHARLES, for one of your favourite topics. If you want to know more of the politics of this city, you must come here and observe for yourself; —for, I confess, I am not equal to the task.

I have transmitted to my LORD P— as circumstantial an account as I could get of the plan of this city, and its many improvements and institutions, together with a little history of the progress of literature, which you know, is quite

quite in his way. I have met with no history of this province, that deserves notice.—What have been published are merely partial narratives of their political debates, which are far from being the least entertaining or instructive.—I wish to see a regular, sensible, and well written history of Pennsylvania, from its first settlement to the present period, which might comprise an interesting account of the labours of its venerable founder, the progress of Commerce, of Arts and Sciences, the gradual improvement of taste and manners, and the rise of the various sects of religion.—I know but one Gentleman in this city, who is capable of executing such a work; and, I fear his present engagements, if he should have an inclination, would not afford him sufficient leisure for the purpose.

Many

Many excellent productions in the literary way have been published here.

—That spirit of freedom, which I have already mentioned, hath given birth even to Orators and Poets; many of whose performances I have heard and read with the highest satisfaction.

—Some of these, perhaps, I may have an opportunity of communicating to my Lord P——, or yourself, in the course of our correspondence.

Mrs. G—— is returned from Bristol.—I thank you heartily for recommending me to so valuable an acquaintance. I am happy in her agreeable and sprightly conversation;—and she has introduced me to a circle of Ladies at whose tea-tables I am sure of finding delicacy without prudery, and wit without ill-nature.

D

This

This will be delivered to you by the very polite MAJOR S——, who tells me, that he is well acquainted with your Uncle COL. MARSEILLES, and was in the same corps with him, under the Duke, at the unhappy affair at *Minden*. He adds, likewise, that your Uncle was the intimate friend of COL. Ross, and was very near that amiable officer, when he was killed at the battle of FONTENØY.

I am your's, most affectionately,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

July 10, 1771.

•
L E T T E R

LETTER III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY
CAROLINE S—, *at* BATH.

I AM truly concerned, my honour-
ed Lady, at the account which
Lord H—gives me of your present
indisposition:—But I hope a proper
regimen, with a cautious use of the
Bath waters, which, I am told, have
been very serviceable in such cases as
your's, will afford you a speedy reco-
very.—Chronical complaints, indeed,
are not easily overcome.—Few have
resolution enough to persevere in such
a change of diet, and constant attenti-
on to what physicians call the *non-natu-*
als, as would bring the whole sys-

tem into its former temperature. The science of *Medicine*, however, seems to be approaching fast to the same perfection of simplicity, as that of *True Religion*. Both of them have their foundation in the constitution of man. And the disorders of the body, as well as those of the soul, will ere long be better understood, and more skilfully treated than they have hitherto been.--I am no friend to *nostrums* in either case; and I entertain as poor an opinion of your *Empirics* in *Divinity* as of those in *Medicine*. Instantaneous operations may be serviceable in many chirurgical cases, and perhaps in some physical ones;—but the change from a confirmed bad habit of body to a good one, cannot, in the nature of the thing, be suddenly accomplished by any application in the world.

Dr.

Dr. CHEYNE, whatever whimsical peculiarities he may be charged with, will, upon the whole, be found to have laid a sure basis for future success in the practice of medicine ;—and I shall not at all be surprized, if, at some future day, an admirer of his system should venture to step aside, as he did, from the beaten track, and; without the pomp of learned prescription, gently lead his afflicted patients into the narrow walk of temperance, from thence conduct them to the fields of exercise, which are ever invested with a most salubrious air; and, at last, to complete the cure, and establish perfect health, both of mind and body, place them, tranquil and serene, in the delightful bowers of religious peace and heavenly consolation.—For certain it is, that there is a most intimate connection, and sensible sympathy

thy betwixt the soul and the body;—and Dr. CHEYNE is well supported by the experience of all men in all ages, when he asserts, that the inward and irregular passions of the soul do more real injury to the organized material vehicle, which it inhabits, than all the outward assaults, which this vehicle sustains from all the outward elements of nature.

One grand defect a sensible reader cannot but discover in Dr. CHEYNE's system, and that is, that he prescribes to every constitution almost invariably one and the same regimen, without making a sufficient allowance for different complexions, or inveterate habits. —Nay, he supposes that *that* state of the body must needs be very bad, in which his peculiar regimen is not kindly received, and does not favourably operate.

For

—For my own part, I have enjoyed a good share of health for many years past, though I have never been able to use one or two essential ingredients in his diet, without great inconvenience. A temperate glass, I think, may innocently exhilarate the spirits, without enflaming the blood ; and I see no reason why I may not get strength from the juice of the vine, as well as from any other vegetable or animal substance. In truth, every creature of God is good, and becomes “ *sanctified*,” that is, proves salutary to my soul as well as my body, when it is “ *received with prayer and thanksgiving*.”

You see, my dear Lady, what a train of reflections the account of your illness hath raised in my mind :—As I am but a sciolist in physical matters, so I
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TO THE HONOURABLE

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am careful to speak *only what I know, and testify what I have felt*.—Common sense, and a little attention to what generally agrees or disagrees with our constitution will set us right whenever we are wrong; or what is better, keep us at all times from offending against our own bodies.

Your own experience hath already told you, that in religious concerns you have an infallible monitor within;—and your own feelings are painful or delightful according as you resist or attend to its councils. This reduces all the fancied obscurities of religion to plain, obvious and simple truths.—This makes us behold the same light, that irradiates the soul of the Christian, breaking forth, though with feebler ray,

ray, in the untutored breast of the roaming savage.

To this blessed monitor doth the Author of Christianity continually appeal, and to bring it forth into exercise and energy, was the grand design of his coming into this world.—Hence the invaluable blessing of an outward revelation, which alone could give us a true information of the latent powers that are lodged in our breasts, and furnish us with an unerring standard of their real and proper employment and effects.

But this is a topic, which I need not enlarge upon to a Lady, who has not now her religious principles to seek. Under all the weaknesses of a delicate constitution, I well know, you have an
internal

internal support, that raises you above the feelings of mortality. You have too much good sense, as well as fortitude, either to be reasoned or laughed out of your religion ;—and though you are a stranger to *false* ENTHUSIASM, yet you are not ashamed to acknowledge yourself an humble admirer of the *True*.

During my residence in AMERICA, I have not met with more than one or two of your sex, who have made any pretensions to infidelity—Pretensions I may very properly call them, because the sentiments they would vainly be thought to have adopted, are perpetually contradicted by an irresistible testimony within them.—To call in question the spirituality and future existence of the human soul, its divine origin,

origin, and necessary dependance upon its PARENT GOD—to doubt of the superintending care of a wise and good providence, and confound or abolish the necessary distinctions betwixt good and evil—these are such glaring absurdities, such flat contradictions to common sense, and universal experience, as must needs degrade the person that espouses them below the rank of humanity.—Even those retailers of ancient and modern sophistry, HUME and VOLTAIRE, who have poisoned so many weak and tender intellects with their gilded pills of unbelief, cannot but shudder in secret, at the dreadful success of their prescriptions; especially, when they come to reflect, that they have not only shaken the very foundations of VIRTUE in thousands of their own sex, but have, likewise, in some few deplorable

deplorable instances, robbed the fairest part of our species, of that peculiar softness and delicacy, which are characteristic of *their* sex, and which are not only effectually preserved, but amazingly improved and heightened by the heavenly charm, which true religion alone can impart.

A female freethinker is as awkward and pitiable a character as can be conceived. She loses every attraction, that can win the *lover*, and sacrifices every amiable sensibility, that ought to preserve the heart of the *husband*. I am not surprized to hear of so many late instances of conjugal infidelity in *Britain*.—The breast that finds no real delight in religion, and is taught to look upon virtue as a visionary thing, is soon open to the allurements of false pleasure :

pleasure : And MR. HUME has furnished many a Lady G.—— with fine and specious apologies, for engaging and persevering in an unlawful amour.

Thank heaven ! this infernal system has not found many admirers among the American fair. They still retain their honest attachment to religion and common sense. The arts of gallantry are little known, and less practised in these *last retreats* of persecuted virtue. Conjugal infidelity on either side is sure to be stamped with indelible ignominy ; and the offender, tho' seemingly protected by opulence or power, or the most distinguished abilities, is soon torn down from the highest post of trust or honour, by the resentment of a virtuous people, and condemned to pass his future days in infamous obscurity.

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I

I well know, my good Lady, that this little representation, which is indeed strictly just and impartial, will prejudice your virtuous heart in favour of the people among whom I now happily reside. Indeed, before I left *England*, you began to think highly of this NEW WORLD, from the frequent conversations you had with several of our military acquaintance, who had spent some years on this side the *Atlantic*, and whose observations I have since found to be sensible and true.

Poor Captain B—— left us a few weeks ago with an heavy heart. The gay, sprightly, and magnanimous hero, you will find changed into a poor whining and disconsolate lover. A sly little American hath made him her willing captive; though I could tell him, for his
comfort,

comfort, that whilst she was securing him with her siltken chain, she entangled herself at the same time; in such a manner, that I believe, neither of them would now wish to be disengaged. He will doubtless pay your Ladyship a visit at BATH; and you may assure him from me, that his little LEONORA, has retired into the country as *love-sick* as himself, to try for a few months the potent charms of *shady groves* and *purling streams*. I am, with most sincere wishes for the preservation of your valuable life,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Most obedient humble servant,

T. CASPIPIA.

Philadelphia,

Aug. 2, 1771.

LETTER IV.

*To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
VISCOUNT P——, at OXFORD.*

MY LORD,

IN my last *, I furnished your Lordship with as particular an account as I have been able to obtain of the many astonishing improvements, which a very few years have produced in this elegant and growing city. Common justice calls upon me to inform you, that some of the best institutions, that regard its internal police, are under the direction and management of the people called *Quakers*, whose general disapprobation of all fashionable amusements and diversions, gives them leisure

* See letter I.

fure and opportunity of embarking in
 and prosecuting such schemes as are use-
 ful, as well as ornamental to human
 society. This sober, virtuous people
 generally engage with caution, but ex-
 ecute with the most persevering firm-
 ness and assiduity. The *Hospital* and
House of Employment are standing mo-
 numents of their labours—And the pe-
 riod seems to be fast approaching, when
 the cause of literature will receive no
 small services from their attention and
 zeal. A Philosophical society for the
 encouragement of science, arts and ma-
 nufactures, hath been lately instituted
 in this city, which numbers many of
 the most sensible of this denomination
 among its Fellows. My friend the
 merchant assures me, that the thirst of
 knowledge increases much among
 them ; that they begin to discover the

subserviency of human learning to many valuable purposes; and now think it no more a crime to send their children to school to learn Greek and Latin, Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, than to put them to Merchants or Mechanics, to be instructed in the several arts and mysteries, that are become necessary for the support of the present temporal life;—wisely judging, with respect to the spiritual life, which comes from, and is to be supported by another world, that human learning has no more to do with it, and can no more awaken or promote it, than the art of making clocks and watches. If I remember right, BAKER, who has written so ingeniously upon the uses of learning, seems to put it upon the same footing; and our Tutor at *Magdalen-Hall* has frequently told us, that all
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- the acquirements of *human* knowledge, though highly necessary for the improvement and embellishment of civil society, can never impart to us one single ray of that which is truly *Divine*.

I am no stranger to your Lordship's sentiments upon this interesting subject. — You well know when to pronounce the "*hitherto shalt thou go, and no further*."—As a citizen of Heaven, and a traveller through this World, you know what is necessary not only to make your journey pleasing and comfortable, and to furnish you with proper accommodations on the road, but to secure to yourself an happy reception among your fellow-citizens, when your pilgrimage shall be at an end. A liberal education, under the direction of an heaven-taught mind, has stood
your

your Lordship in good stead on many important occasions. It gives the christian scholar a free access into circles of conversation, where the illiterate would never be admitted, and furnishes him, when he is there, with a becoming confidence and manly freedom of speech. It enables him to fight the infidel with his own weapons, and to avail himself of the whole magazine of ancient and modern learning in the defence of Religion.—For the very same armour that is weak and ineffectual in the hands of the unbeliever, becomes strong and of heavenly temper, when worn or wielded by the champion of gospel truth.

Upon these principles, my Lord, I cannot but look upon it to be the duty of the real christian to patronize and encourage

- courage every well-formed scheme for the advancement of literature; and I was particularly pleased to hear from my friend, who is himself a Fellow of the Philosophical Society, that the Quakers had stepped forth, and joined the votaries of Science; for their well-known industry and application cannot fail, in all human probability, of ensuring it success.

What I have here said of the Quakers, your Lordship must not consider as the least disparagement or diminution of the other religious societies. The members of our communion, as well as those of the Presbyterian and other dissenting denominations, have engaged warmly in every scheme that has been proposed for the general good; though they all candidly confess, that
no

no institutions have been carried on with so much spirit, and crowned with so much success, as those in which the Quakers have had the lead and direction.—PENN engrafted an excellent policy upon their religious principles—and BARCLAY has given these principles all the advantages, which can be derived from throwing them into the form of a system. These authors your Lordship has carefully read—and I remember once to have heard you drop an intimation, that BARCLAY's book had never been answered in such a manner as to weaken the force of his arguments.

I dined the other day with an eminent Physician of this place, who professes himself a Presbyterian. There was a mixed company ; and the conversation

versation turned upon religious subjects. A Clergyman of the established church, who appeared to be very infirm and much advanced in years, undertook to reconcile the seeming differences that prevailed among the professors of Christianity. He very ingeniously distinguished the things essential, from those which are not essential to salvation; and, with a truly benevolent christian spirit, declared, that as religion was a life, manifested by good tempers and dispositions within, and correspondent actions and offices without; as it did not depend upon any particular set of doctrines or opinions, much less upon any particular modes of worship or outward church discipline, so he found his own heart intimately drawn to, and united with, good men of every denomination.—You, Sir, said he (turning to the Physician)

Physician) are a Presbyterian.—Thou art a Quaker, (addressing himself to another of the company.)—and I am a Church-man.—Suppose now, whilst we are disputing about religious principles, a servant should rush into the room, and eagerly inform us, that a neighbour's house was on fire, that the master of the family was abroad, that the poor wife with two or three little ones were screaming out for help, and that all their goods must perish, if they could not have immediate assistance. My Quaker friend there, and myself, unmoved at the melancholy tidings, keep our seats and gravely continue the debate. My Presbyterian friend forgets all his zeal about opinions and doctrines, starts from the table in an instant, and hastens to the scene of distress. Pray now, gentlemen, continued the venerable

venerable old man, which of us, in such a case, would be the Christian?—
 I—most assuredly, cried out the Physician; and though I really find myself much attached to *Calvin's* system, yet I am sure, in the case you mention, or any other similar one, neither *Calvin's* opinions, nor the opinions of any other man could rouse my compassion and urge me to the benevolent act. Nothing but a power superior to all opinion, which carries its own evidence and motive along with it, and which, I trust, is “*the DIVINITY that stirs within me*”—could accomplish this—and if I should resist its powerful call, merely to indulge my own humour in an idle and unprofitable debate, what would it be but throwing away my proper and natural food, to live upon the wind; nay, losing heaven for the sake of a syllogism. F I

and obedient subjects, as any in his Majesty's dominions.

Our friend CHARLES engaged to furnish your Lordship with all the materials he could collect relative to the city and province of NEW-YORK. I hope he is fulfilling his promise. But I had a hint from a gentleman, who lately saw him there, that he had been sadly taken in by a set of people, under the mask of religion.—You know his honest heart has ever been too susceptible of impressions from your pretenders to extraordinary sanctity. However, I am sure, if their tenets or practices lead to any thing that is narrow or uncharitable, his liberal and generous turn of mind will soon shake off the deception.

I send your Lordship the first volume

lume of the Transactions of the New Philosophical Society which will afford no small entertainment to yourself and my other *Oxford* friends. I am much obliged to you for *Gustavus Vasa*, and the *Farmer's Letters to the people of Ireland*. I have a strong partiality for all the writings of that excellent author, and now want but one book to complete my collection of his works.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most sincere friend,

And devoted servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

Philadelphia,

Sept. 4, 1771.

LETTER V.

To the RIGHT REVEREND *the* LORD
BISHOP of B——L.

MY LORD,

AS I spend a good deal of my time in writing to my friends in ENGLAND, I should be altogether unpardonable, were I to neglect paying my respects to your Lordship, whom I am proud to rank among those, whose esteem I would cultivate by every means in my power. I have not yet fixed upon the time of my return; so that I can say nothing on that head. My stay here hath been longer than I expected; and indeed, so many new scenes

scenes have engaged my attention, and my situation hath been in every respect so very agreeable, that time has stolen imperceptibly away.

I am just returned from an excursion into the country, which afforded me much matter for reflection and entertainment. As the subject must be new to your Lordship, I shall endeavour to amuse you with a concise account of my journey, reserving a more particular description for an afternoon's conversation in the gardens of——.

The Gentleman, at whose house I am entertained, is one of the people called *Quakers*, and a wealthy merchant in this city, to whom I had a letter from Mr. L—— of *Bristol*. In this good family I am treated with the most cheerful

ful hospitality ; and my friend, without any parade of ceremony, or the common display of too officious civility, is a most sensible, polite and agreeable companion. The other day, while we were at breakfast, he proposed a jaunt into the country for my amusement ; and without letting me know what rout he intended to take, we set off, on Wednesday last, with his wife and daughter and an intimate acquaintance of the family. The carriage in which we travelled was neither coach nor waggon, but something between both ; a kind of machine much used of late in this city, and very commodious for those who have large families, as it is constructed in such a manner as to accommodate six or eight persons with ease and convenience—Indeed, use rather than elegance is considered in its construction.

We

We travelled through a thick-settled and highly-cultivated country, beautifully variegated with hills commanding extensive prospects, and vallies enriched with meadows, mills, farm-houses, and limpid streams of water. At length we arrived at *Lancaster*, a large and flourishing town, about sixty miles from hence. Its trade to this city is very considerable: But, as it is not situated on navigable water, this trade is carried on by means of large covered waggons, which travel in great numbers to Philadelphia, (sometimes, as I have been informed, there being above one hundred in a company) carrying down the produce of the country, and returning with all kinds of stores and merchandize.

At

At *Lancaster* we tarried but one night; and the next morning pursued our journey to *Epbrata*, or Dunker-Town, as some call it, a small village situated on a beautiful little river or creek, in a most romantic and sequestered vale. This village and the adjoining lands are possessed by a religious sect called *Dunkers*, whose principles and manners are very singular. They are for the most part *Germans*. Their name, I am told, is taken from their mode of baptizing their new converts, which is by dipping them in a river, as the *Anabaptists* do among us. Certain it is, that they took their rise in this place about fifty years ago; and did not, as a sect, emigrate from any other country. Their society, however, at present, seems to be upon the decline, not exceeding one hundred members,

members, though they have been heretofore more numerous. Both men and women are dressed in white linen for the summer, and woollen for the winter season. Their habit is a kind of long coat or tunic reaching down to the heels, having a sash or girdle round the waist, and a cap or hood hanging from the shoulders, not unlike the dress of the Dominican friars. The men do not shave the head or beard. They are in general industrious, cheerful and extremely sagacious.

The men and women have separate habitations and distinct governments. For these purposes, they have erected two large wooden buildings, one of which is occupied by the brethren, the other by the sisters of the society; and in each of them there is a banqueting room

room and an apartment for public worship: For the men and women do not meet together even at their devotions. The rest of the building is divided into a great number of small closets, or rather cells: each affording just room enough to accommodate one person.

They live chiefly upon roots and other vegetables: the rules of their society not allowing flesh, except upon particular occasions, when they hold what they call a *Love-feast*; at which time, the brethren and sisters dine together in a large apartment, and eat *mutton*, but no other meat. No member of the society is allowed a bed, but in case of sickness. In each of their little cells they have a bench fixed, to serve the purpose of a bed, and

a small block of wood for a pillow. The *Dunkers* allow of no intercourse betwixt the brethren and sisters, not even by marriage. Nevertheless, some have broken through this restraint, and ventured upon the conjugal state. The married persons, however, are no longer considered in full communion, or suffered to live under the same roof, no, nor in the same village with the unmarried; but are obliged to remove to a place about a mile distant, called *Mount-Sion*. They continue indeed to wear the habit, and in other respects are deemed members of the society.

The principal tenet of the *Dunkers*, I understand, is this: “ That future
 “ happiness is only to be obtained by
 “ penance and outward mortifications
 “ in this life; and that as JESUS

G

CHRIST,

“ CHRIST, by his meritorious suffer-
 “ ings became the redeemer of man-
 “ kind in general ; so each individual
 “ of the human race, by a life of ab-
 “ stinence and restraint, may workout
 “ his own salvation.” Nay, they go
 so far, as to admit of works of supererogation, and declare, that a man may do much more than he is in justice or equity obliged to do, and that his superabundant works may therefore be applied to the salvation of others.

Thus do these poor people delude themselves with vain imaginations, seeking for that religious satisfaction in their external situation, which is only to be found in the internal state of the mind. Devout and happy dispositions of soul have indeed much less dependance upon outward circumstances than people
 in

in general imagine. Men foolishly neglect to attend to religious sensibilities, or to cultivate a spiritual intercourse with the great *Father of spirits* : And then think to excuse themselves by lamenting their situation in life, as unfavourable to these purposes. Those, who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, are apt to imagine, that, if they were in easy circumstances, they should have leisure to attend to their eternal concerns ; but no sooner does wealth increase, than their care and attention to it increase in proportion, and they find themselves more and more embarrassed and less at leisure than ever they had been. Others think, that by resolutely breaking off from all intercourse and connection with the rest of mankind, retiring into gloomy woods, burying themselves, as Anchorites in

caves, and denying themselves even the innocent gratifications of nature, they shall most assuredly recommend themselves to the favour of Heaven, and strictly conform to the idea they have entertained of *saints* upon earth. But they should consider, in the first place, that they attempt in vain to fly from their own evil dispositions, which will pursue and torment them in their closest retreats ; and in the second place, that by retiring from the world, they lose the only opportunities they can possibly have of calling forth a thousand tender sensibilities, and exercising a thousand tender offices of sympathy, compassion, charity and benevolence.

Excuse, my Lord, this short digression, into which my subject has almost involuntarily led me.—I will now pursue my narration. Beside

Beside the two large buildings above-mentioned, the *Dunkers* have several smaller ones, chiefly for the purpose of manufactures. They carry on several branches of business with great skill and industry. They have a convenient oil-mill, paper-mill, and printing-press. They make parchment, tan leather, and manufacture linen and woollen cloth, more than sufficient to serve their own society. The sisters are ingenious at making wax-tapers, curious paper-lanterns, and various kinds of pasteboard boxes, which they sell to strangers who come to visit them. They likewise amuse themselves with writing favourite texts of scripture in large letters curiously ornamented with flowers and foliage. These seem to be rather works of patience than of genius: several of them are framed and

hung up to decorate their place of worship. Inclosed I send your Lordship a specimen of this writing, which you may, perhaps, think worthy of a place in your collection of foreign curiosities.

I shall at present remark but one thing more, with respect to the *Dunkers*, and that is, the peculiarity of their *music*. Upon an hint given by my friend, the sisters invited us into their chapel, and, seating themselves in order, began to sing one of their devout hymns. The music had little or no air or melody; but consisted of simple, long notes, combined in the richest harmony. The counter, treble, tenor and bass were all sung by women, with sweet, shrill and small voices; but with a truth and exactness in
the

the time and intonation that was admirable. It is impossible to describe to your Lordship my feelings upon this occasion. The performers sat with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated from their manner of living, their clothing exceeding white and quite picturesque, and their music such as thrilled to the very soul.—I almost began to think myself in the world of spirits, and that the objects before me were ethereal: In short, the impression this scene made upon my mind continued strong for many days, and I believe, will never be wholly obliterated.

By way of concluding this little narrative, I beg leave to transcribe a copy of verses, which P———R M———R,
the

the present head of this society, put into my hands, telling me, that they were composed by a young gentleman of Philadelphia some years ago, in consequence of a visit he made him, and a conversation which then passed between them. The sentiments are so catholic, that I think your Lordship cannot but have some pleasure in the perusal.

To P——R M——R, *Principal of
the Society of DUNKERS at EPHRATA.*

*THE Eternal God from his exalted throne
Surveys at once earth, heav'n and worlds un-
known :*

*All things that are before his piercing eye
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie :
Unutter'd thoughts, deep in the heart conceal'd,
In strong expression stand to him reveal'd :
Thousands and twice ten thousands every day
To him or feign'd or real homage pay :*

Like

*Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies,
 In various forms their supplications rise :
 Their various forms to him no access gain,
 Without the heart's true incense, all are vain ;
 The suppliant's secret motives there appear
 The genuine source of every offer'd prayer.*

*Some place RELIGION on a throne superb,
 And deck with jewels her resplendent garb ;
 Painting and sculpture all their powers display,
 And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray.
 High on the full-ton'd organ's swelling sound,
 The pleasing anthem floats serenely round ;
 Harmonic strains their thrilling pow'rs combine,
 And lift the soul to ecstasy divine.*

*In Ephrata's deep gloom you fix your seat,
 And seek Religion in the dark retreat ;
 In sable weeds you dress the heav'n-born maid,
 And place her pensive in the lonely shade ;
 Recluse, unsocial, you your hours employ,
 And fearful, banish every harmless joy.*

Each

*Each may admire and use their fav'rite form,
If Heav'n's own flame their glowing bosoms
warm,*

*If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent prayer,
The grateful sense of blessings freely given,
The boon, unsought, unmerited, of heav'n,
'Tis true devotion—and the Lord of love,
Such pray'rs and praises kindly will approve,
Whether from golden altars they arise,
And wrapt in sound and incense reach the skies;
Or from your Ephrata, so meek, so low,
In soft and silent aspirations flow.*

*Obl let the Christian bless that glorious day,
When outward forms shall all be done away,
When we, in spirit and in truth alone,
Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne,
And thou, our purer worship shalt approve
By sweet returns of everlasting love.*

One circumstance I had like to have
omitted in this account of *Ephrata*,
which I would not wish to pass by un-
noticed.

noticed.—There is an house in this village occupied by four or five brethren, who for some years past have separated themselves from the rest, on account, as it is said, of some difference with respect to their forms of discipline and worship. I had a long conversation upon this subject with a venerable old man, who is one of the original proprietors or trustees of the estate. From him I found, that a further acquaintance with the reality of religion, (as it takes its rise and progress in the heart of man, and depends much less upon outward forms than inward communications from the fountain of truth) was the sole cause of their separation. It was not, said the good man, that we were dissatisfied with their particular form, but that we had discovered the weakness and insufficiency of all forms; and

and were therefore willing to anticipate in our own practice, that blessed period of the church, when every true worshipper shall worship God, “ in Spirit and in Truth.” Though these few brethren are not in communion with the *Dunkers*, they have a right to their proportion of the produce of the estate; and this, together with some little occupation, which each of them follows, gives them a sufficient support. They wear not the habit of the society—but are distinguished from the rest by shorter coats with leathern girdles, and large white hats instead of hoods. They continue, however, to wear their beards.

I must not conclude without acquainting your Lordship, that your excellent *Dissertations* have found their way here, and are much read and admired

mired in this city. It cannot but give the highest satisfaction to a virtuous man, to find that his good works extend their influence much farther than he could possibly have foreseen ; and, like a friendly luminary hung out in a dark night, serve to direct the weary steps of the distant traveller.

I am, my Lord, with very sincere respect,

Your Lordship's most devoted

Friend and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2. 1771.

P. S. I beg your Lordship would make my respectful compliments to Lady R——, and tell her, that I shall shortly visit Mr. B——M, the famous *American Botanist*, and will not fail to procure her some seeds and plants of this country, to add to her large and valuable collection.

H

I. E T T E R

LETTER VI.

TO CHARLES MARSEILLES,
ESQ; at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that we are like to be made happy very soon with the company of our agreeable friend, Capt. L——. A copy of a letter which I have just received from him, conceived and expressed in his own sweet and gentle turn of sentiment and language, I cannot forbear communicating to you. The original I preserve among many others, with which he has been so kind as to favour me, since we parted. 'Tis dated from

from *Tusculum*, as he calls it, a little elegant recess, which his father has lately given him, on the banks of the *Humber*, a few miles above *Hull*. He writes as follows :

“ I am just returned from an excursion to *Oxford*; where I ran over in imagination, every scene of pleasure, which I once shared with our worthy fellow-students of *Magdalen-Hall* : Every field, every grove, every tree, that surrounds these sweet retreats of science, reminded me of some morning or evening walk, some pleasing and improving conversation, in which I had borne my part. I almost wished to occupy once more, for a season, the chamber in which I have so often been blessed with the society of such agreeable friends.

“ But believe me, ’twas only for a
 “ season, that I formed such a wish.
 “ For my happiness at present infinite-
 “ ly exceeds all that I have heretofore
 “ experienced, even when P—— and
 “ M——, and you my much loved
 “ C——, conspired to make me think
 “ my bliss compleat. Twelve cheer-
 “ ful moons have now rolled round
 “ this globe, since ASPASIA was my
 “ own. An uninterrupted succession
 “ of calm domestic joys has crowned
 “ my ardent expectations. Every vir-
 “ tue that the female mind can boast
 “ is happily centered in my fair com-
 “ panion. Blest beyond my most san-
 “ guine hopes at home, I roam not
 “ now for happiness abroad.—The
 “ leisure which peace bestows upon
 “ the weary soldier, I have wholly de-
 “ voted to her sweet and soothing con-
 “ verse. —

“ verse.—Happy, indeed, if this lei-
 “ sure could have continued still—But
 “ alas ! the call of honour must silence
 “ for a while the voice of love.

“ A few days since, I received or-
 “ ders from General G——, to repair
 “ without delay to my regiment at
 “ *Boston*.—No ship offering immedi-
 “ ately for that port, I have desired a
 “ friend in *London*, to secure me a pas-
 “ sage in the first that sails for *Phila-*
 “ *delphia* or *New-York*—so that in a
 “ few days all my present softening
 “ prospects must be changed for the
 “ rude horrors of the boisterous At-
 “ lantic. In expectation of such a call,
 “ my ASPASIA had some time ago, ex-
 “ pressed a desire of accompanying me;
 “ and we seriously thought of facing
 “ the angry surge in each other's arms :

" But these hopes are now dissipated
 " by the prospect of a new connexion,
 " with which the dear creature is al-
 " ready alarmed, and which, as soon
 " as produced, will open a new scene
 " of tenderness and love—" *Casto,*
 " *save, LUCINA!* would have been an
 " heathen's prayer. But, as a christian,
 " I most fervently beseech the great
 " God and Father of angels and men,
 " that he would mercifully complete
 " the work he hath begun, and that
 " the best of women may not want a
 " little soothing comforter to cheer the
 " lone irksome hours of her shepherd's
 " absence.—Enough, however, on this
 " melancholy subject.—Nought can
 " alleviate my painful anticipations,
 " but the hope of meeting with you
 " and CHARLES in *America.*

— Your

“ Your visit to the colonies produced
 “ various speculations among our *Or-*
 “ *ford* friends. Lord H——’s political
 “ character induced many to conclude,
 “ that he was particularly interested in
 “ it, and expected much information
 “ with respect to American affairs,
 “ from your sagacious and penetrating
 “ enquiries. But I knew you too well
 “ to think, that you were engaged in
 “ any ministerial services, or that aught
 “ but your own curiosity, and thirst of
 “ knowledge, had carried you from
 “ home. The benevolence of Lord
 “ H——, hath indeed furnished you
 “ with the means of gratifying your
 “ laudable desires; but I know, that
 “ it is not from you, he looks for a
 “ return in the political way. The
 “ only person that seems to be in the
 “ secret is my Lord P——, who has
 “ been

der his command, that maintained his post and executed what he had to do with more resolution and firmness than young GEORGE. He has an high sense of honour, but it is under the controul of religion. No man that knows him doubts his courage ; though he has frequently declared, that he despises that paltry kind of honour, which is to be gained or lost by accepting or refusing a challenge.—He is not afraid to fight : —He is not afraid to die : —But he is afraid to offend his Maker, by wantonly sporting with that life, which he received from him, and which he only has a right to dispose of. Indeed, Captain L——is truly religious, without the least affectation or parade.—He is much beloved in the army ; and was never known to have any difference with his brother officers.

LEONORA

LEONORA is come to town. I drank tea with her yesterday; and could not forbear reading to her the tender part of our friend's letter which relates to ASPASIA.—I saw the involuntary tear steal down and mingle with the roses on her cheek.—I saw her bosom swelling to give vent to the involuntary sigh.—This tear—this sigh—spoke a language, which my heart could readily interpret.—The image of her beloved B—— pressed upon her soul.—In feeling for ASPASIA, she felt doubly for herself.—“Heaven preserve the dear absent youth, (methinks she would have said) and hasten the sweet period, which shall realize to my heart the endearing scenes, which have crowned the virtuous ASPASIA's love! But O let me not, like her, ever experience the pangs even of a temporary separation!” After

After tea, LEONORA proposed visiting a Lady whom I shall hereafter characterize under the name of ALMIRA. We found her at her harpsichord;—her husband, whom I shall call AMYNTOR, leaning over her chair, and both accompanying the instrument with their voices. — They attempted to rise as soon as we entered the room; but as we pressed them to let us share in the sweet entertainment they were giving to each other—they very obligingly consented. — It was a plain, simple little song, composed by a Gentleman of this city, when he was about to leave England a few years ago, and addressed to a young Lady, a niece of my Lord —, at whose country seat in *Berkshire*, he was most hospitably entertained. — ALMIRA favoured me with a copy, which I herewith send you.

Soon

Soon, MYRTILLA, must thy friend
 Hasten to a distant shore ;
 May propitious gales attend,
 May they waft him safely o'er !

When to pensive joys inclin'd
 Thro' my native groves I stray,
 Thy dear image to my mind
 Soothing pleasures shall convey.

Fancy oft in airy flight,
 Will direct her course to you,
 Bringing scenes of past delight
 Back to my enraptur'd view.

Oft shall *Schuykill's* rocky shore,
 With her waving woods around,
 Thy fond name repeating o'er,
 Strive to swell the pleasing sound,

Thus with friendship most sincere,
 Shall my faithful bosom glow ;

I

All

All thy virtues I'll revere
 With such love as angels know.

Hoping still, though far from thee,
 I shall share thy dear regard,
 Which delightful thought shall be
 My firm constancy's reward.

There is a simplicity in the sentiment and language here, that should ever be the principal characteristic of a song. The measure too is such as considerably aids this simplicity. GAY and SHENSTONE excel much in this way; and 'tis no despicable species of poetry. Our old ballads will ever affect a sensible heart; and there are few modern songs, that can come in competition with them. The tender-hearted LEONORA wept at every stanza. I could have wept with her—and so could you, if
 your

your heart has not lost those fine sensibilities, which you once gloried in. O CHARLES! there is more of heaven in these feelings, than we are aware of. The morose religionist, and the supercilious pharisee may despise them; and 'tis true, that like many other gifts of heaven, they have been prostituted to the service of vice—But under the direction of a virtuous heart, they are precious—they are angelical—they inspire a joy, which the gross sensualist will ever be a stranger to.—Let no pretended spiritualists talk you out of them. They can give you nothing in exchange but notions and opinions, whimsical and visionary.—The surest testimony we can have in ourselves, or give to others, of being truly religious, arises from a meek and quiet spirit, a tender sympathy in each other's joys

and sorrows, an humble opinion of ourselves, an abhorrence of pride and selfishness in every shape, and a perpetual looking to an higher world than this, for the perfection of those virtues and graces, which are here but in their embryo state.—Excuse this little preachment.—I give you full liberty to preach to me in your turn—And am with great truth,

Your most affectionate friend

And servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

Jan. 12, 1772.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET,
Westminster

MY LORD,

BEFORE this letter can possibly reach your Lordship, you will have exchanged the calm scenes of philosophy, and the pleasing converse of the muses for the noise of party, the petulance of false patriotism, and the surer though gentler operations of ministerial intrigue. Your Lordship enters the political theatre, not with a view of stepping forth as an actor upon

the stage, but as a candid spectator, interested indeed in the conduct of every particular scene, but more deeply interested in the winding up of the *drama*. Your honest *plaudit*, therefore, is given or with-held, according as the measures advised and pursued on either side, appear to you to be agreeable or repugnant to the dictates of virtue, and the spirit of British liberty. If this letter should meet your Lordship, preparing to go to Court or Parliament, lay it down, when you have read thus far.—Its contents ought not to interfere with matters of higher concern.—They are only intended for the innocent amusement of your leisure moments; the poor accomplishment of a promise, which your Lordship condescended to exact from me at parting.

Indeed,

Indeed, my Lord, I know not how it is, but I begin to find myself strangely attached to this Western World. I sometimes think that I could contentedly take up my abode here for life. I have no family connexions in England ; and if I could but make my interest coincide with my inclination, I know no country that I have hitherto visited, which has promised me more satisfaction than this.—All depends, however, upon my Lord H—— : I have written to him upon the subject ; and I flatter myself, that my application will not fail of success.

My attachment to America, I am apt to think, in a great measure proceeds from the prospect of its growing greatness, to which every day seems more or less to contribute. In Europe,
the

the several arts and sciences are almost arrived at their meridian of perfection; at least, new discoveries are less frequent now than heretofore.—Architecture, gardening, agriculture, mechanics, are at a stand. The eye is weary with a repetition of scenes, in which it discovers a perpetual sameness, though heightened by all the refinements of taste. Excellency itself, in works of human art, cloy the faculties, if the mind is not now and then relieved by objects of inferior beauty. After roving over the magnificence of churches and palaces, we are glad to fix a while upon a simple farm-house or straw-built cottage. We feel a particular delight in tracing the windings of a beautiful river from its first springs 'till it empties itself into the vast ocean.—The mind pursues it through an immense tract of
variegated

variegated country, and seems to flow, and increase, and widen along with it, 'till it loses itself in the abyss of waters.

The objects of art, as well as those of nature, in this new world, are at present in such a state, as affords the highest entertainment to these faculties of the mind. The progression is begun : Here and there, in the midst of venerable woods, which, scarce a century ago, were the uncultivated haunts of roaming savages, the power of cultivation presents itself to the travellers view, in opening lawns, covered with the richest verdure, fields of corn, orchards, gardens, and meadows fertilized by well-directed streams—Hamlets, villages, and even populous cities, with their towering spires, excite our admiration.—We are struck with the
charm

charm of novelty, wherever we go—
 The comparison is always at hand—
 For, within the compass of a short mile,
 we may behold at once, *nature* in her
 original rusticity, and *art* rising by ra-
 pid advances to perfection.

The progress of the human mind may
 here likewise be observed to keep equal
 pace with the external improvements.—
 The gradual polish of manners, from
 awkwardness itself even to courtly civi-
 lity; from superstitious notions, and
 bigotted religious attachments, to libe-
 ral, enlarged sentiments, and genuine
 spiritual devotion may very readily be
 traced by a thoughtful and inquisitive
 mind. All the powers of nature seem
 to be upon the stretch, as if they were
 in pursuit of something higher still, in
 science, in manners, in religion itself,
 than the mother country can afford.

Indeed

Indeed my Lord, I feel my heart expand at the immense prospect that irresistably opens upon me.—I see new kingdoms and empires rushing forth from their embryo state, eager to disclose their latent powers ; whilst the old ones on the other side of the Atlantic, “ hide their diminished heads,” lost in superior lustre.—I see learning stripped of all scholastic pedantry, and religion restored to gospel purity.—I see the last efforts of a powerful Providence exerted, in order to reclaim our wandering race from the paths of ignorance and error.—I see the setting rays of the *Sun of Righteousness* shining forth with seven-fold lustre to the utmost bourn of this Western Continent.

Wonder not, then, my Lord, at my attachment to this favoured spot.

I

I tread the hallowed soil with far higher pleasures from *anticipation* than your classic enthusiasts feel from *reflection*, whilst they kiss the floor of *Tusculum*, or walk the "*Eternal flint by Consuls trod.*" There is one thought indeed that throws a damp upon that ardour of joy, which such speculations generally produce in my breast. From the strange propensity of human nature to abuse the richest gifts of providence, (of which history as well as experience afford us so many sad examples) I fear, lest the old leaven of wickedness should insinuate itself again by degrees, till it has corrupted the whole mass; lest the melancholy scenes we have beheld in the kingdoms and churches of the *East*, should be acted over again in the *West*; and the declension of sound knowledge and virtuous practice, should be more rapid

rapid than their increase and advancement.

Your Lordship has seen the works of the divine HERBERT. You may remember how excessively fond Dr. R——y was of his poems, and how earnestly he would recommend his excellent little treatise, called *The Country Parson*, to all his pupils, who were to be candidates for holy orders. Lest you should not have the book by you, I must beg leave to transcribe a very remarkable passage from a poem, entitled, *The Church Militant*, which, as it relates wholly to *America*, and breathes a kind of prophetic spirit, has generally been called “*Herbert’s Prophecy*.” The language is uncouth, and the measure far from harmonious—But there is something very animated and striking in the sentiment. K “RELIGION

" RELIGION stands on tip-toe in our land,
 " Ready to pass to the *American* strand.
 " When height of malice and prodigious
 " lusts,
 " Impudent sinning, witchcrafts and dis-
 " trusts,
 " (The marks of future bane) shall fill our
 " cup
 " Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
 " When *Seine* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the
 " *Thames*
 " By letting in them both, pollutes her
 " streams :
 " When *Italy* of us shall have her will,
 " And all her calendar of sins fulfil;
 " Whereby one may foretell what sins next
 " year
 " Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer;
 " Then shall Religion to *America* flee :
 " They have their times of gospel ev'n as we.
 " My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
 " By carrying first their gold from them away:
 " For gold and grace did never yet agree;
 " Religion always sides with poverty.
 " We

" We think we rob them, but we think
" amiss :

" We are more poor, and they more rich
" by this.

" Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making
" grace

" To pay our debts, and leave our ancient
" place

" To go to them, while that which now
" their nation

" But lends to us, shall be our desolation.

" Yet as the Church shall thither westward
" flie,

" So sin shall trace and dog her instantly :

" They have their period also and set times,

" Both for their virtuous actions and their
" crimes,

" And where of old the empire and the arts

" Usher'd the gospel ever in mens' hearts,

" *Spain* hath done one ; when arts perform
" the other,

" The church shall come, and sin the church
" shall smother :

" That

“ That when they have accomplished the
“ round,
“ And met in th’ East, their first and an-
“ cient sound,
“ Judgment may meet them both and
“ search them round.
“ Thus do both lights, as well in church as
“ sun,
“ Light one another and together run,
“ Thus also sin and darkness follow still
“ The church and sun with all their power
“ and skill.
“ But as the sun still goes both west and east ;
“ So also did the church, by going west
“ Still eastward go ; because it drew more
“ near
“ To time and place, where judgment shall
“ appear.”

You see, my Lord, from the short
sketches which I have given you, that
Herbert's prophecy, if it may be so
called (though it is no more than what
our

our school-men have stiled reasoning from *analogy*) is fulfilling fast.—Arts and religion still keep pace with each other ; and 'tis not improbable, as he conjectures, that their return to the *East* will be the “ *time and place where judgment shall appear.*”

I have no particular news to communicate to your Lordship, but that a new Governor of the PENN family is lately arrived here.—As he formerly spent some time in this province, and made himself agreeable to most of the principal families, his appointment gives universal satisfaction. Your Lordship, if I remember, told me, before I left *England*, that you had seen his brother, the late Governor, when you were very young, either at *Rome* or *Geneva*.

Speaking of *Rome* reminds me of a visit I lately received from the Rector of the Roman Catholic church in this city, in consequence of a letter I sent to him from Mr. PHILIPS, the author of the life of Cardinal POLE, which has lately revived much of the old controversy in *England*.—Mr. H—G, (for this is the name of the Rector) appears to be a decent, well-bred Gentleman; and I am told, he is much esteemed by all denominations of christians in this city, for his prudence, his moderation, his known attachment to British liberty, and his unaffected pious labours among the people to whom he officiates. He corresponds with our old friend ABBE GR—T at *Rome*. He was so obliging as to invite my friend the Merchant and myself to spend an hour

hour with him in his little *Cartusian* cell, as he called it. This small apartment joins an old Gothic Chapel, and together with another opposite to it, (which is occupied by an assistant German Priest) forms a kind of porch through which you enter the Chapel. Here the venerable man entertained us very agreeably; and as I was particularly inquisitive about the settlement and labours of his brethren the *Jesuits* at *Paraguay*, he put into my hands, at parting, a very circumstantial narrative of the rise and progress of these settlements, written by one *Muratori*, which I have since read with much pleasure.

I expect by Capt. L—— the honour of a line or two from your Lordship.
CHARLES continues still at *New-York*.

I forefee, that his political observations
will soon be changed into religious ones,
and I fear, of such a nature, as will not
be very acceptable to some of his
friends.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most devoted friend,
And obliged servant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
January 14, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

TO CHARLES MARSEILLES,
ESQ; *at* NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

ONE day last week having been invited to breakfast with a Gentleman and Lady * in this city, who have been married several years, I was shewn by the servant into a neat little room, and desired to sit down, 'till he should call his mistress, who, he said, had that moment stepped up stairs. The apparatus for breakfast was upon the table ; and, as my eye glanced over it, I observed a piece of paper carelessly folded up, and thrown into one of the

* See letter VI.

bowls—

bowls—A pen and ink standing by, I immediately concluded, that the Lady, who was remarkable for being a good œconomist, had been setting down some little expences in a hurry, intending, perhaps, to enter them at leisure into her day-book. My curiosity prompted me to unfold the paper, with a design of rallying her a little, when she appeared, upon the exactness of her œconomy. But judge of my surprize, when, instead of a family account, I met with the following sensible, easy and unaffected little essay, which seems to have been her morning meditation, just poured forth extempore from an heart, deeply touched with a sensibility of its own domestic bliss.

As she did not come down immediately, I had leisure to peruse the whole

—I

—I here transcribe it—and doubt not,
but that your honest heart will thrill
with pleasure, whilst you are reading it.

“ If ever we may be allowed to say,
“ that marriages are made in heaven,
“ it must be, when the union is form-
“ ed upon a disinterested affection, a
“ love that cannot be described even
“ by those who have felt it—My own
“ heart tells me, that it is beyond all
“ description—Sure I am, that the
“ flame is kindled, and cherished too,
“ by a superior power. 'Tis not a
“ pretty face, or an elegant person—
“ 'tis not a brilliant wit, or a fine un-
“ derstanding, that can excite or pre-
“ serve mutual affection—It springs
“ from an higher source—It has been
“ known to subsist in its utmost ar-
“ dour, where these accomplishments
“ have

“ have been wanting.—There is a
“ nameless sympathy of congenial souls,
• “ even among those of the *same* sex—
“ which is felt—which cannot be de-
“ scribed—but which lisping mortals
“ have denominated FRIENDSHIP.
“ When this nameless sympathy meets
“ in congenial souls of *different* sexes,
“ ’tis amazingly heightened—Friend-
“ ship cannot express the sensation—
“ and we have learned to call it by
“ the name of LOVE. A name, in-
“ deed, sadly profaned by the lips of
“ the sensualist, the covetous and am-
“ bitious—but felt and understood in
“ its true meaning and import by those
“ alone, who seek for happiness in the
“ sweet tranquility of domestic endear-
“ ments—who consider the lover and
“ husband but as one and the same
“ character.

“ Such

“ Such an union is indeed *devoutly*
 “ *to be wished for* ; and, when once
 “ accomplished, the pleasures of life
 “ are enjoyed with a double relish,
 “ because each, besides his own, par-
 “ takes of a beloved partner’s sensati-
 “ ons — Misfortunes too — (and who
 “ ever tasted the cup of life, with-
 “ out finding some bitterness in the
 “ draught ?) Misfortunes too lose half
 “ their weight, by being divided — and
 “ as each assists the other to bear the
 “ load, so each comforts the other,
 “ whilst labouring under it. Time,
 “ the general destroyer of temporal
 “ objects and human joys, perpetuates
 “ and increases such a felicity as this ;
 “ which depends not so much upon
 “ external circumstances, as upon the
 “ internal feelings of their own breasts.
 “ In the days of their marriage they
 L “ may

“ may with more propriety be called
“ *Lovers*, than in the days of their
“ courtship.

“ Failings, no doubt, each must
“ discover in the other—and will dis-
“ cover, as long as the angel is clog-
“ ged with fetters of mortality.—
“ But even in these, they so much re-
“ semble one another, that they soon
“ learn, either to overlook them, or
“ to bear them with a meekness, which
“ true love never fails of inspiring.

“ This sweetness of disposition, mu-
“ tual forbearance, and uninterrupted
“ intercourse of endearing sensibilities,
“ must not only secure to them all the
“ bliss which this world has to give—
“ but must be an excellent preparative
“ for their future enjoyment of those
“ eternal

“ eternal scenes, where Love reigns
“ without the least alloy of any sordid
“ passion, and to which they will carry
“ with them the same affections dou-
“ bly purified, and darting back from
“ their beatified spirits to that lovely
“ center from whence they originally
“ came.

“ .GREAT SOURCE of LOVE enable
“ me——”

Here stopped her hand——inter-
rupted, probably, in her pious ejacula-
tion by some family call, to which she
always cheerfully sacrificed her own pri-
vate satisfactions.

Scarce had I read the paper and re-
placed it in the bowl, before ALMIRA
made her appearance, and welcomed

L. 2

me

me to her house with that unaffected sweetness of address, which ever attends and indicates a meek and humble heart. —Indeed I have long been of opinion, that true politeness is not indebted solely to art, or what is generally called good company, but derives its peculiar charm from an higher original—*and breathes and tastes of HEAVEN.*

I immediately confessed, and begged pardon of the good Lady for the liberty I had taken to peep into her manuscript.—With a blush of genuine modesty she excused me, apologized delicately for the hasty scrawl, as she called it, and hoped that her sentiments met with my approbation. . .

I was just going to express the high satisfaction, which these sentiments had
given

given me, when AMYNTOR, the husband and the lover of ALMIRA, entered in from his morning walk—I saw the glance darted and caught from the eyes of both—It spoke a thousand feelings, which all the softness of language could never have expressed. AMYNTOR's friendship for me dictated such a welcome, as would have warmed the coldest heart. It failed not of kindling the flame in mine ; and with these two married lovers, I was more highly and rationally entertained, than ever I had been at a breakfast before.

Just at parting I communicated what had past to AMYNTOR, who at my earnest request furnished me with a copy of ALMYRA's essay next morning.

I am most affectionately your's, &c.

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

Jan. 20, 1772.

L 3

P. S.

P. S. I have not seen Mrs. G——. She is gone with her youngest daughter to Bristol, a little village upon the Delaware, about twenty miles from this city, for the benefit of some mineral waters there, which are said to have performed many surprizing cures.—When she returns, I will not fail to wait upon her, and deliver your letter, with the little ode of mine you are pleased to mention with so much approbation.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R IX.

*To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET,
Westminster.*

MY LORD,

I H A D the honour of your Lordship's very obliging letter by Capt. L——, who after a most turbulent passage, arrived here on the 10th instant. My friend the merchant introduced him to me the next morning, whilst I was sitting pensive in my chamber, as a Gentleman just arrived from *England*, who had asked very particularly after me.—As he was dressed in a plain brown suit of cloaths. I did not immediately know him, having been
long

long accustomed to see him in regimentals.—But the moment he spake, and smiled, I recognized my fellow student, and we embraced each other with all the affection of our juvenile friendship. He soon opened to me the mystery of his new garb, by informing me, that he had been advised by his friends, and particularly by your Lordship, to solicit one of the new appointments in *N. America*, and as a preparative to this, to dispose of his commission without delay ; that accordingly he had lost no time,—Sir J——n H——t having been glad of the opportunity of purchasing for his nephew, who immediately embarked for *Boston*, to join the regiment ;—that backed by your Lordship's interest, and the personal application of LADY CAROLINE, he obtained from Lord N——H a patent for
the

the office of ——— in ——— ; that the death of his father, and of Mrs. L———'s aunt about the same time, had thrown a gloom over his little *Tusculum*, damped the wonted chearfulness of their evening fire-side, and determined him to part with that agreeable recess, and remove Mrs. L———, who had now blessed him with a precious pledge of their love, to a seat of his uncle's, near *Beverley* ; that he would not venture to bring her with him to *America*, 'till he had fixed upon the place of his residence, and got every thing accommodated for her reception.

I could not but express my approbation of this change in his circumstances ; at the same time that I sincerely sympathized with him upon the melancholy

choly events that produced it. — The emoluments of his office, together with the cash into which he has converted his little estate, will enable him to live with elegance as well as comfort in ———. He will be fixed in a very agreeable and polite neighbourhood ; and enjoy all that domestic felicity, after which his heart has so long aspired. For my part, I confess, that my fondest wishes would be gratified, could I obtain so decent and honourable a provision for life. Experience has taught me to feel the truth, which the poet sweetly sings,

*Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.*

Pilgrims'

Pilgrims we certainly are in this world—and I know of no consideration, that can alleviate the numberless evils, and disappointments to which we are subject whilst we are here, but this;—that we belong to another world, which was our *original*, and must be our *final* home—that the present state of our existence, is no other than a state of purification; and that according to scripture, reason and common sense, our felicity here, as well as hereafter, must wholly depend upon an immediate intercourse opened and continued betwixt our spirits, and the ETERNAL SOURCE of GOODNESS. This your Lordship knows is not *Enthusiasm*, but true rational *scriptural* religion.

Ever since our friend's arrival, my time has been almost wholly taken up
in

in going round with him, and visiting the several places in and about this *Metropolis*, which are worthy the attention of a stranger. The other day, whilst we were walking in the public hall of the college with the *Provost*, and a clergyman from the island of *Barbados*, who was formerly of *Merton-College, Oxford*, I took the liberty of asking the latter, whether he thought a *private* or *public* education most advantageous. He did not hesitate to pronounce in favour of an education at a public school; —and advanced several reasons in support of his opinion, that appeared to me clear and convincing; but added at the same time, that he could not help thinking, that the advantages of a public education would be much more considerable, were the persons concerned in the management of seminaries,

to

to allow themselves more latitude in their modes of teaching, as well as in the choice of subjects for their lectures.

To be instructed, said he, in the learned languages, in the several branches of science, and the deeper parts of philosophy, is not the whole intent of sending youth to a public school. These may be acquired, perhaps, to an equal perfection under a private tutor at home. But every parent has a right to expect, when he is at the expence of giving his child a regular *university* education, that he should be turned out, not only a good scholar, but a well-bred gentleman; and that he should be equally capable of shining in conversation and in writing.

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The

The *Provost* being obliged to leave us, as it was his lecture hour, and the morning being remarkably fine, we agreed to take a walk to the *Proprietor's* garden, as 'tis called, a pleasant little spot upon the bank of the sweet river *Schuylkill*.

During our walk, the conversation we had begun in the *Publick Hall* was resumed. Our friend L———observed, that there were many qualifications and accomplishments, which, tho' not of primary consideration, were nevertheless of infinite service, nay, indispensably necessary to set off our improvements in knowledge.—Can any thing, for instance, said he, be more agreeable and engaging, than a ready, polite, and unaffected method of delivering one's sentiments both in writing
and

and conversation, without that starched, precise and pedantic turn of stile and manner, which generally characterizes the mere scholar? Can any thing have an happier effect, either in a private company, or a publick audience, than an easy, free, and unconstrained gesture, accompanying a distinct, graceful, and harmonious manner of speaking? Or what can afford more satisfaction to ourselves, or more entertainment to our friends, than a well cultivated *taste* for the beauties of art and nature? Now all these powers are more or less in every human Being; and there is no time of life so proper and convenient for the calling them forth, as those early years, which are generally spent at school. 'Tis by *imitation* and *emulation* alone, that these latent seeds of genius are to be awakened and

M 2 improved;

improved ; and 'tis well known, that a fondness of these is one of the prevailing passions of youth.

Had man been intended for a solitary Being, then indeed these qualifications could have been of little use to him : But as his nature points him out for society, his duty, as well as interest, ought to lead him to such an exertion of his talents, as will render him useful and agreeable to all around.—A mere scholar is scarcely tolerable ; and I never shall forget the ridiculous appearance, which one of our most learned Doctors of *Maudlin* always made in a circle of polite company, and even among us his pupils in the lecture-room. I cannot but think it a misfortune to himself, to his friends and the public,

that

that a man of Dr. T——'s superior knowledge and abilities, for want of a few necessary external graces, which he might have acquired twenty years ago with the greatest ease and pleasure, should be doomed to spend his days in obscurity, closetted up with a parcel of musty authors, and incapable of making that figure in social life and polite conversation, which his distinguished talents would otherwise have enabled him to do. At present he can neither do justice to his own abilities, nor render them of any great service to others.

Here the good clergyman replied, with a mildness peculiar to his character, that the fate of Dr. T—— might not attend every one, who had missed the opportunity of obtaining these accomplishments in his younger years at

a publick school.—Some, he observed, were furnished with them by the bounty of nature ; and others very readily acquired them by falling into polite company, after they had finished their studies.

True, Sir, answered our friend—I am acquainted with several ingenious gentlemen, who are solely indebted to nature or the beau-monde for many amiable external qualifications, which they possess. I grant that a youth of nice observation, mature judgment and a sprightly natural disposition, may improve his taste, correct his manners, and fit himself to adorn the social life, by frequently conversing with such persons, as have added to an extensive erudition the most refined taste, and all the graces of carriage and behaviour.

our. But then, experience must have informed us, that there are few who do not think themselves sufficiently accomplished, after they have gone through their course of studies at a public school; and consequently look upon it as beneath them, when they come abroad into the world, to copy after the taste, behaviour or conversation of other men: To which I might add, that the circumstances of some scholars will not allow them an opportunity of keeping such company, as would contribute to their improvement in these things. And hence it becomes a matter of the utmost importance, that the masters and tutors of our public seminaries should not only be men of sound learning, but polite, well bred, and of the most easy, gentle and engaging deportment.

Besides

Besides, continued Mr. L——, there are some of the qualifications that have been mentioned, which are neither to be obtained from conversation with the polite world, nor yet are given entirely to any one by the indulgence of nature.

To instance only one of these : Whence comes it, that we have so few eminent speakers either in the pulpit or at the bar ? Were the amiable graces of speech solely in the gift of nature, or were they to be acquired by frequenting the genteelest company and conversing with the politest part of mankind, I can scarcely imagine that the number of orators would be so small, or that those whom nature hath blessed, perhaps, with many other graces and accomplishments, and whose stations
in

in life always entitle them to associate with the highest and best of men, should be so generally deficient in the art of *speaking well*. For my part, I can attribute this to no other cause than the too common neglect of this necessary branch of education at most of our public schools. And hence it is, that a late ingenious and polite writer complains, “ that the most established error of an university education is the general neglect of all those little qualifications and accomplishments, which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning.”*

After having expressed my approbation of these sentiments in general, I only begged leave to observe, that
though

* The Guardian.

though the seeds or principles of knowledge, taste and every graceful accomplishment were undoubtedly implanted in every human breast, yet nature had strongly pointed out some predominant powers in each individual, sufficiently characteristic of that particular excellence, by which, if properly attended to and improved, each might become useful and illustrious in his own proper sphere.— To watch these dawning powers, to take the most proper method of strengthening and improving them, and to direct the youthful mind to such studies, and employments in life, as appear best adapted to its peculiar genius, must surely be the principal objects of the tutor's attention. The orator, the poet, the philosopher, the patriot, the soldier, generally appear at an earlier season of life than is commonly imagined.

And

And from an inattention to, or improper treatment of, these buds of excellence, many have withered away without producing fruits or blossoms.

After taking a few turns in the garden, we walked back again to the *College*, where we had appointed to meet the modest and ingenious Mr. RITTENHOUSE, who, without one single advantage from a private tutor, or public education, by the mere force of genius and industry, may now justly be reckoned the FIRST ASTRONOMER and MATHEMATICIAN in the world. He entertained us most agreeably with a little lecture upon his new invented *Ortery*, of which your Lordship will find a particular description in the volume of *American Philosophical Transactions*.

I am much obliged to your Lordship for your valuable present of the *Microscope* and *Thermometer*. The new improvements which I find in the construction of the *Microscope*, render it more portable as well as more convenient for the application of a greater variety of objects.

My most respectful compliments wait upon Lady CAROLINE, and Miss S——. I am glad to hear that the *Bath* waters have been so serviceable to her Ladyship.—Mr. L—— spends a few days more in this city and then sets out for *New-York*, from whence CHARLES has promised to conduct him to the place of his intended residence.

I am, my Lord, Your Lordship's
Most obedient and devoted servant,
T. CASPINA.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 30th*, 1772.

L E T T E R X.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.

at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

W H Y will you seek to draw me into a religious dispute?—I have often told you, that I looked upon polemics in divinity to be unprofitable, and much more injurious to the christian temper, than in any of the other sciences. 'Tis not the cause of truth and goodness essentially and simply considered; but it is merely their own private opinion, or that of some great Doctor, or leader of a sect, that men in general

general are zealous to maintain. The reformation of the heart and life is the great and only end of true religion: and I cannot think this end will ever be promoted by such controversies as have a tendency to kindle up wrath, or produce bitterness of spirit; however the advocates on either side may flatter themselves, that they are zealous for the honour of God, and ardently desirous of rescuing their friends or neighbours from the dominion of error.

When I was last at *New-York*, I was really surfeited with the conversation of one of your *Methodist Saints*. Such an air of arrogance and self-sufficiency appeared even in his vehement declamations against the pride and self-righteousness of human nature, that I was astonished to see a person of your usual penetration

netration so duped by an enthusiastical pretender, as not to discover the workings of an evil temper under the flimsy, flaunting veil of a false and hypocritical zeal. My heart deceives me greatly, if I have not an high veneration, and sincere love for all good men, however they differ from one another or myself. The marks of goodness, indeed, I have always looked for in the temper and conduct: and where these fail, the author of my religion hath taught me to pronounce all other pretences vain and delusive.

I was once acquainted with a foreign clergyman, who was perfectly master of all the canting peculiarities, which distinguish the brethren of the conventicle. I thought him at first much in earnest, and esteemed him as an honest man.

man, though his notions were very different from mine. But he soon forfeited my friendship by a conduct, which common honesty must teach every man to detest—Talking upon indifferent subjects in a mixed company, he would appear as chearful and sprightly as any in the circle; nay, I have frequently observed him, under an affectation of mirth and humor, stoop to puerilities. —In the midst of such a conversation, was any one in company to drop a religious hint, or make a single grave remark, or did any of his very *serious* friends enter the room, every muscle of his countenance would change its form, an awful gloom would cover his brow, his eyes and hands would be elevated, his tone of voice would become solemn and plaintive, his lips would utter some pious reflection or ejaculation, and he
would

would attempt in a very aukward manner to give a serious turn to the conversation. I soon grew sick of all this grimace, gradually withdrew from his acquaintance, and was afterwards informed by several who had been as much deceived as myself, that his temper and conduct was utterly inconsistent with his formal profession.

In this and two or three other instances I bought my experience at no small price. The uneasiness of mind which I always suffer on the detection of fraud or insincerity in a pretended friend, is far heavier to me than any temporal loss I might thereby sustain.

You seem to intimate in your last Letter, that I should soon become as religious as you wish me to be, could

I disengage myself from the polite circle with which I am connected in *England* as well as in *America*; and that nothing but the apprehension of being censured for *singularity* keeps me from living in such a manner, and conversing with such a set of people, as you think would highly contribute to my spiritual improvement.

True politeness, CHARLES, is the genuine offspring of true religion—A sullen severity of manners is no where inculcated in the gospel.—Meekness, humility and condescension are there marked out as fundamental graces—And where these reign in the heart, they will surely dictate such a sweet and amiable conduct, as is only mimicked by the common forms of what is called *good-breeding*. I find as great want of
this.

this true politeness among the rich as among the poor. *Wealth* gives it not—neither does *poverty* withhold it. Like its illustrious parent, it is confined to no religion, sect or denomination—
 SER J——N has it not—but I find it in LORD P——. My poor servant has no pretensions to it—He is as rude as a savage—Your's has it fully according to his station—He is as mild and gentle and affectionate as a lamb—We seek for it in vain in the meer bows and compliments of a church-man—We are surprised sometimes to find it in the simplicity of a quaker.

When you speak of the *polite* circle of friends or acquaintance, with which I am connected, I am sure you cannot affix the same meaning to the word *politeness*, that I have here given it, or
 you

you would not wish to see me disengaged from them. Your expressions, therefore, must allude to those among them, who are distinguished either for their opulence or their titles and exalted stations in life. But why, my dear friend, should I break off all connections with these? my acquaintance with many of them began in my earliest years. Though of foreign extraction, you know I had my university-education in *England*. Connections formed during the earlier periods of life, both of us have experienced to be strong and tender.—The friendship and kind offices of some of this polite circle we have both been favoured with. There are many truly amiable characters among them: and though some of them may appear to have shaken off the restraints of religi-

on in their *outward* conduct; yet christian charity leads me to hope, that they are not altogether destitute of good principles *within*. Of what service would it be to me to keep at a distance from them, to shun their company, or slight their correspondence?—It would surely hurt the finest feelings of my spiritual life—It would hurt my gratitude, my affection, my charity——It would hurt my humility, my meekness, and love of peace——It would raise passions in me that I would fain have extinguished—It would tempt me to think myself their superior in virtue and goodness——It would tempt me to indulge a censorious disposition, and to treat them with a mortifying coldness and indifference——It would mingle bitterness with the sweets that heaven hath
freely

freely sent me—and thus render me, ungrateful to my God as well as to them. Besides, it would undoubtedly give them a very unfavourable opinion of my religious principles, when they discovered that they had such an evil influence on my conduct—when they found me no longer as kind and affectionate, as willing to oblige, and as attentive to their persons and their interests, as I had heretofore been.

My American friends are among the most ingenious and virtuous men I have ever met with. You were introduced to many of them during your late visit to this place. You admired them—and observed, that they only wanted one ingredient to make their character compleat. I knew your meaning at once: and I think I shall very easily obviate

viate your objection, when I come to give you my sentiments upon what you call *singularity*, the charge of which you seem to think I am sadly afraid of. This I shall not fail of doing in a future letter.

Our ingenious and worthy friend Mr. H—pk—ns—n, has lately received a little *douceur* from Lord N——th, which will add somewhat to his comfortable situation here. To this obliging gentleman, I am indebted for my introduction to many valuable acquaintances. He has likewise furnished me with several pretty specimens of American composition as well in poetry as in prose. One or two of these, which I have since discovered to be his own, I have already communicated to Lord P——.

Dr.

Dr. M——n embarked for *Jamaica* a week or two ago. His errand there is to solicit contributions for the *College* in this city. Every friend to literature, who is acquainted with the broad and catholic bottom upon which this institution is founded, cannot but wish him the highest success.

Pray send me, by the next private conveyance, "SMITH'S *History of New-York*." I am collecting every thing that relates to the history of the colonies, for the entertainment of Lord H——. Write to me soon; and condescend to fill one corner of your paper with a few *temporal* matters.

I am,

Your most constant friend and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA. *April 2, 1772.*

L E T T E R XI.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.
at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

I PROMISED in my last to give you my sentiments upon *singularity*. The expression is ambiguous. It serves to denote a good as well as a bad character. The hypocrite glories in it—The humble man alone possesses it without offence to himself or his neighbour.

Some people are so weak as to imagine, that the religious character must

O necessarily

necessarily be accompanied with, and distinguished from all others by, a formal, precise and reserved deportment, an austerity in the countenance and actions, a cautious avoiding of all intercourse or civil communication with those, who do not, in their whole outward behaviour, conform to a certain standard, which answers to their idea of a religious man.

Others again place this singularity in a perpetual talking upon religious subjects—Their whole conversation, be they where they will, consists of nothing but common-place maxims, scriptural quotations, and seemingly pious remarks upon every occurrence that they meet with in the course of the day—or what is still worse, of vain and useless

less disputes about modes of faith, doctrine or worship.

Alas! my dear Charles! all this may very properly be called the pedantry of religion, and, like that of human learning, is a sure proof, that their knowledge and experience are extremely superficial. Many of these *solemn triflers* do we daily meet with; who value themselves upon this affected singularity, and think they shew a vast deal of religious heroism, by talking in a strain, which they know to be exceedingly mortifying to the generality of their neighbours.—But such persons as these would do well to take our Lord's advice, and seriously consider, *what manner of spirit they are of*—They would do well to examine their own hearts, and try, whether they cannot discover a secret spring of spiritual pride, which sets

their tongues in motion; and whether a word or two dropt in season, seemingly without design, and in a spirit of meekness, humility and condescension to their brethren, would not have a much surer and better effect, than all their vain and empty babblings.

Far be it from me, my friend, to discourage a truly religious conversation. But there is a meekness of wisdom, as the Scripture beautifully expresses it, that will modestly avail itself of every favourable opportunity, and with a becoming zeal exert itself in the cause of truth.—They who best know themselves are certainly best acquainted with human nature. Such persons will ever be careful, in their conversation and deportment, to be *wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, to become all things to all*

all men, that is, to study the various prejudices and infirmities of men, and form their discourse and conduct in such a manner, as will not have any tendency to disgust or affront them, but on the other hand, by forbearance and gentleness, will win their hearts, and thus command their attention.

The only singularity, therefore, which is justifiable, is that which consists, not in words, or even in particular actions, but in such a general uniform tenor of heart and temper and conduct, as will not indeed, like the pharisaical formalities, be so easily discerned by every vulgar eye; but will never fail of making its way at last through every obstacle and impediment, which the adversaries of truth and virtue may throw up against it.

Some

Some characters are doubtless to be met with, whose singularity does not so much consist, in *not following the multitude at all, as in not following them to do evil*, whose life is an amiable transcript of their Redeemer's—who, like him, *go about doing good,—who shine forth as lights in the midst of a dark and perverse generation*, and whose influence is known and felt by a sure, though silent and gentle operation.—

Such characters are worthy of imitation.—They are stamped with the image of the deity.—They bear the signature of unfeigned truth and pure disinterested goodness.—They are known and only to be known by their blessed fruits. Whereever they go—whatever they do in public or in private—among their neighbours, friends and acquaintance,

acquaintance, or in their own little family circle—their singularity is conspicuous in no other way, than in the sweetness of their temper—the meekness of their deportment—the unaffected decency of their conversation—their readiness to oblige—their frequent sacrifice of private ease or interest to the comfort and convenience of their brethren ; but above all, their chearful, easy and affectionate methods of communicating what they know to be useful and necessary in temporal as well as spiritual concerns, to all such as are humble enough to apply for, and ingenuous enough to receive and profit by their instructions.

No sour and forbidding severity sits upon their brow—Their houses, their hands and their hearts are open to all
that

that stand in need of their assistance. In a word, the loveliness of true religion appears in their whole conduct,—and even those, who will not imitate, dare not condemn them.

If I understand ~~any~~ thing of the Christian system, this is the life which it recommends. Would but its Professors act up to its dictates, live like their master, and dare to be singular in being and doing good—would they but apply to the exhaustless source of goodness, for those blessed influences of his spirit, whereby alone their evil tempers and passions can be eradicated, and an heavenly life, with all its dispositions and graces, opened in their hearts—Deists would be confounded—Hypocrites would tremble—And bad men of all sorts be more effectually alarmed,
than

(165 .)

than by all the thundering eloquence
of the most zealous preachers in the
world.

I trust, my good friend, that my no-
tion of religious singularity will be
found to correspond with your own;
and that we differ more about *words*
than about *things*.

I am dear Charles,
Your very sincere Friend and Servant,
T. C A S P I P I N A.

PHILADELPHIA,

July 10, 1772,

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the HONOURABLE J. H. T. ESQ.
of BOSTON.

SIR,

THE account you sent me of the popular tumults, that have for some time subsisted in your government, differs in no material circumstances from that which I have read in the public papers. I am glad to hear that you have had fortitude enough to keep yourself disengaged from either party. A coalition is seldom brought about, without the intervention of such friends to virtue and public peace, as can content themselves to retire during the heat

heat of faction, watch the motions of their acquaintance or connections on both sides, and seize upon some happy moment, some favourable circumstance for the accomplishment of their benevolent purpose.

You seem, however, to lean a little to the side of prerogative, and give some hints, that sound like the language of a *Jure Divino* politician; and after all, very gravely ask me, what are my ideas of *Kingly Power*, and a *Patriot King*? You talk of scriptural notions of government, and wonder what objections can be made to that kind of homage and obedience, which is thereby not only warranted, but enjoined to be paid to Kings and all those that are invested with supreme authority.

My,

My answer to your question need not be long.—We are to consider, that the Jewish government was a Theocracy, that all its laws, institutions and ordinances were sent down immediately from Heaven; and those who were invested with the supreme executive power on earth, derived their authority from no other source than the Most High God. They were delegates of Heaven, chosen Representatives of the King of Kings, exercising his supreme authority upon earth, supported by his paternal protection, and accountable for their actions to none but him. Their conduct was not to be scrutinized by the people; and to lift up the hand against the Lord's anointed was Sacrilege of the blackest nature, and to be punished with instant death. But surely all those who are invested with Kingly authority
are

are not in the same circumstances, nor do they derive their power *immediately* from the same source with the Jewish Monarchs: and consequently the people under them are not bound by the particular political precepts of the Theocracy, but by the Laws of that particular government under which they live; and the nature of their homage to their Prince can alone be determined by those laws.

Indeed, in every civilized nation, however differing in their forms or constitutions of government, nay even among those where the royal prerogative is restricted and limited by national laws, and the people are presumed and acknowledged to be the source of power, yet the Sovereign may still be considered in some respect, as the Minister

P

of

of Heaven, and the Vice-gerent of God, as being by his Providence advanced to that exalted station. My idea of a Patriot King, therefore, founded on these sentiments of Kingly power, will be expressed in a few words.

The grand design of all human governments, in whatever form they are modelled and established, is the happiness of the people; and the end of supreme authority, however and in whomsoever it is invested, is to promote this happiness, by the punishment of evil-doers, and the reward or protection of those that do well. It is highly incumbent therefore, upon all those, whom Providence hath advanced to this exalted station, to be as bold in the punishment of vice, as in the encouragement and support of virtue.

Oppression

Oppression will appear in many shapes, and want will extend her naked arms for comfort and redress. The indigent and fatherless will be suitors for their protection, and those who have no other friends on earth, will resort to them as the Proxies or Representatives of Heaven.

To deal our Justice with an unsparing and impartial hand, to regard not the quality of the offender, but the nature of the offence, to administer comfort and relief to the poor and helpless, and protect the hard earnings of honest industry from the hands of rapine and oppression; to pull down corruption from the seat of honour, and to call forth modest merit and probity undisguised to fill its place; but above all to be themselves the bright examples

as well as patrons of every virtue, and to support the true spirit and dignity of government without seeming to govern; these are some of the most important duties of the Kingly office; these will attract and command the esteem, veneration, and obedience of their subjects more effectually than all the splendid regalia that surround their throne. Nay 'tis by the application of their power to such purposes as these, that they resemble the divinity, and co-operate with Providence in his grand scheme of universal benevolence.

Happy that sovereign, who by deeds of true patriotism, and the exercise of every public as well as private virtue, establishes his throne in the hearts of his subjects, whose strength is their prosperity, whose will their united voice,
 who

who studies to satisfy the real, not the imaginary wants of his people, and who can readily distinguish betwixt the clamour of licentiousness, and the still and affectionate voice of loyal liberty.

Happy that people whom Providence hath favoured with a Monarch possessed of such amiable qualifications. And thrice happy, my good friend, should we consider ourselves, who live under a mild and well tempered government, in which the limits of power are so accurately adjusted, that the sovereign is invested with every necessary prerogative, and the just rights of the people well defined and well supported. O may the glorious spirit which it breathes, never be perverted into licentiousness, but handed down to the latest posterity uncorrupted and

unshaken by the ignorance or craft of
~~weak or wicked men.~~

I heartily wish you the return of domestic peace, unanimity in all your councils, and prosperity of every kind to the colony in which you reside, and am, Sir,

Your very sincere friend and servant,

T. CASPINA

PHILADELPHIA, *June 6,* 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE *the* LORD
VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET,
WESTMINSTER.

My LORD,

THAT I may not be thought
unmindful of my promise, or
inattentive to any thing that can con-
tribute to your entertainment, I here
transcribe three pieces of American po-
etry from manuscripts, which were very
obligingly communicated to me by the
authors, who are by no means anxious
for poetical fame, but now and then,
as they express it, scribble a few lines
for the amusement of themselves and
their

their friends. The first is an episode extracted from a poem called *The Indian Treaty*, which is not yet finished. The episode is natural, tender, and expressed, as I think the subject requires, in common, though not vulgar language. This is a distinction, which must ever be observed in compositions of the *pathetic* kind. The *sublime* addresses itself to feelings of a different nature, which can only be roused by a superior strength of imagination, aided by a style that soars far above that of the vulgar. The author of the episode has attended to this distinction. He has told his tale with tenderness and simplicity.

The second specimen of poetry is of the elegiac kind.—I have heard that Lord Chesterfield should have said of
Mr.

Mr. Hammond, the author of the elegies, that "he always sat down to write what he thought, not as most authors do, to think what he should write"—I leave it to your Lordship to judge, whether the author of the elegy has any title to such a compliment as this.

The third specimen is of the burlesque kind; and as the subject is new, and handled in the true mock-heroic strain, I am persuaded, it will at least divert your Lordship for a few moments.

E P I S O D E

From the INDIAN TREATY, A POEM.

*R*OSETTA, fairest maid that grac'd the
(plains,
Of all the village long remain'd the boast;
Struck with her lovely form contending swains
Were daily striving who should please her most.
But

*But happy DORIS, with his gentle main,
 Had won her heart—the soft relenting fair
 Oft met her faithful shepherd on the green,
 And DORIS breath'd his tender passion there.*

*One eve ROSETTA from the cottage stray'd,
 To seek a wand'ring lambkin of her fold;
 A savage troop surpriz'd th' unwary maid—
 She shriek'd— too feeble to resist their hold.*

*Full of fond hopes as DORIS passing by
 Pursued his way contemplative and slow,
 Amaz'd he heard his fair-one's sudden cry,
 And fearless, rush'd upon the num'rous foe.*

*Long did the youth th' unequal fight maintain,
 But what, alas, could strength or skill avail!
 Ev'n Philip's god-like son had strove in vain—
 Superior force and numbers will prevail.*

*The captive lovers lock'd in close embrace
 With silent tears their mutual griefs express;
 The tawny victors haste to leave the place
 Unmov'd, unpitying of their sad distress.*

*Two parties form'd; one takes the weeping fair,
 The other DORIS for their easy prize:*

*A silent gloom shuts in his dark despair,
The woods re-echo to her mournful cries.*

*Six times the moon her fullest orb had shewn,
Since sad ROSETTA with incessant grief
Had mourn'd her liberty and lover gone,
Without one cheering prospect of relief.*

*Forc'd from her home o'er rocks and wilds to stray,
Where serpents lurk and briars conceal'd do
Her tender feet, torn by the rugged way, (grow,
Mark with her blood the progress of her woe!*

*Oft time, when shivering in th' inclement air,
On the damp ground she sought for lost repose,
Her mother's fondness and her father's care,
And DORIS' love to sad remembrance rose.*

*At length the chiefs a solemn feast prepare,
And gather numerous from the nations round;
Each brings his warrior spoils and captives there,
And yells of triumph through the forests sound.*

*An horrid tragedy must now succeed—
My swelling heart beats quick within my breast,
How shall the sympathizing muse proceed
To dip her pen in blood and paint the rest.*

Six

*Six tawny heroes in their battles slain
 Sully the lustre of their festive day;
 Six English captives with slow-torturing pain,
 Must yield their lives the fatal debt to pay.*

*Whilst sunk in sorrow on a turf reclin'd,
 ROSETTA lay, all wan with wasting grief;
 Her lot severe, she ponder'd in her mind,
 And look'd from death alone to find relief.*

*Sudden she starts—roust'd by a dreadful cry,
 The well-known voice of DORIS strikes her ear;
 Half-rai'd she darts around her anxious eye,
 To see if much-lov'd DORIS was not near.*

*Fast to a tree, with all the marks imprest
 Of savage rage, she sees her shepherd bound,
 A mortal arrow planted in his breast,
 And his life bubbling from the recent wound.*

*Struck with an instant frenzy of despair,
 Thro' all her frame she feels the chill of death--
 Swift to her dying love she flies—and there
 Sinks at his feet, and sighs her latest breath.*

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN AT SEA, *August*, 1762.

“**H**EAV’N gave the word”—DELIA!
once more farewell!

*Alas me! how fleeting all our joys are found!
The pangs I feel thy tender heart can tell,
For pangs like mine that tender heart must
wound.*

*Snatch’d from thy arms, to distant lands I roam
And face the horrors of the howling sea,
Far from my long-lov’d friends and native home,
And far, my DELIA! ah! too far from thee.*

*No more thy pleasing converse cheers my soul,
And smooths my passage thro’ life’s rugged way;
Thy smiles no more my wonted cares controul,
And give new glories to the golden day.*

*No more with thee I hail th’ approach of dawn,
And hand in hand the varied landscape rove,
Where fostering gales invest the dew-bright lawn,
Unlock the garden’s sweets, or fan the grove.*

Q

With

With notes accordant to thy skillful tongue,
 No more I seek my doric reed to tune;
 No more the tender melody prolong,
 And chide the envious hours that fleet too soon.

When sinks in ocean's bed the source of light,
 And darkness drear his raven pinion spreads,
 Cheerless and lone I pass the lingering night,
 With thoughts congenial to its deepest shades.

Unless, perchance, my weary watchful eyes
 Sleep's balmy charm no longer can refuse,
 Then swift to thee my soul unfetter'd flies,
 And each past scene of tenderness renews.

With all that winning grace I see thee move,
 That first endear'd thy yielding heart to mine,
 When, soften'd by the flame of virtuous love,
 I led thee blessing to the hallow'd shrine.

I see thee too, thou partner of my heart,
 With all a mother's tender feelings blest,
 The frequent glances, the kiss, the tear impart,
 And press the smiling infant to thy breast.

Eager I long a parent's joy to share—
 My bosom bounds with raptures felt before:

But

*But swift the soothing vision sinks in air,
Winds howl around and restless billows roar.*

*Ev'n now, whilst prompted by the pleasing past,
In artless numbers flows this pensive lay,
The tottering vessel quivers with the blast,
And angry clouds obscure the chearful day.*

*Yet why repine!—my anxious breast, be still!
No human bliss is free from foul alloy;
But what at present bears the face of ill,
May end in smiling peace and lasting joy.*

*Soon may that Power Supreme, whose dread com-
mand
Can still the tumults of the raging main,
Thro' paths of danger with unerring hand,
Guide me to thee and happiness again.*

*In him, my DELIA, then thy trust repose:
'Tis he alone the joyless bosom cheers;
He soothes, when absent, all our heart-felt woes,
At home our soft domestic scene endears.*

D I R T I L L A, A P O E M.

*THOU Goddess sable-clad, DIRTILLA, hail
Thee I invoke to aid my daring muse,
To rise with footy wing and sing thy praise
Ne'er yet attempted by advent'rous bard:
Thee I invoke——whether thou lov'st to shew
Thy marbled visage in the troubled pool,
Or spread thy bounty o'er the smutty face
Of chimney-sweeping elf; or o'er the plain,
Rolling in clouds, by summer breezes born,
Salute the traveller in shape of dust;
Whether in furnace or in noisy forge
With fiend-like colliers thou vouchsaf'st to dwell
And fix with Vulcan thy co-equal reign,
Or soft recline upon a scullion's lap,
Or on the school-boy's jacket smile serene.*

*Rebellious beaux and washing-women strive,
But strive in vain, with never-ending war
To over-come thy power——still thou return'st,*

And

*And still thy labour on with fruitless toil,
 Sworn foes to thee, thou sober-visag'd dame!
 Not so thy bard—full well he knows to gain,
 And, having gain'd, thy favour still to keep.
 Ev'n now, wide-spreading o'er my honour'd coat,
 Full many a spot, full many a greasy smear
 Thy influence benign and power declare;
 Driving far thence of new-impressed cloth
 The gaudy glare—ne'er to return again.*

*Oh mortals! blind to truth, whose anxious hearts
 Impatient wait, 'till from the taylor's band
 The sumptuous garb, long-look'd for, comes complete.
 Success no sooner crowns their wearied hope,
 But new distractions fill their troubled mind
 And cloud their joy; lest in some guardless hour
 One dreaded spot should sully all their pride.*

*See, at the festive board in new brocade
 And lawn, as yet unstain'd, SOPHRONIA sits.
 In vain rich wines of various climes and hue,
 In order rang'd, the glittering side-board grace,
 And pleasant viands smoke in vain around:
 Nor these, nor yet th' exhilarating song,*

Or needle-point of stimulating wit
 Provoke to joy her ever-anxious heart.
 Should the rude servant with unballooned foot,
 And over-flowing glass, approach too near
 The magic circle of her spreading robe,
 Her eager hands collect the darling silk
 In closer folds; and in her sparkling eye
 New lightnings kindle at the bold assault.

Thus have I seen within some farmer's yard,
 Whilst busy Partlet for her chirping brood
 The dung-hill scratch'd, to them a mine of wealth;
 Should fierce Grimalkin from beneath the snow,
 Or neighbouring barn, creep sly with deadly power,
 Alarm'd she gathers all her little train
 Beneath her shelt'ring wings; she swells with rage,
 And bristling feathers awe the daring foe.

Oh Goddess most benign! beneath thy sway
 I eat and drink with pleasure unallay'd:
 Nor care I aught, if from the dripping spoon
 The falling drop enrich my sullied garb.
 O could I like FILTHANDER boast thy love!

Thy

Thy favourite votary he, far, far beyond
 My utmost reach, my highest hope aspires.
 His honour'd chamber thou vouchsaf'st to make
 Thy chosen seat, thy undisturb'd abode:
 Where never broom thy ministers annoy,
 But spiders, white with age, their webs extend,
 And see their numerous offspring do the same.

Methinks I view him seated on the floor,
 With all his dirty papers scatter'd round.
 While lengthen'd cobwebs from the ceiling's height
 Wave o'er his head in many a pendent row:
 Not such as Betty from the parlour sweeps
 With nimble hand; but such as oft are found
 In dungeons deep, black with the dust of years.
 Methinks I see upon his broken hearth
 On either side an heap of ashes rise;
 The sad remains of an whole winter's fire:
 Nor would he yield them to the chandler's pence;
 For they, O cursed art! by process dire
 Would soon convert them into cleansing soap.
 And here a kettle stands, which never felt
 The wasting torture of a scullion's hand;

Impenetrable

*Impenetrable crusts guard it without,
 And scale on scale, the solid sediment
 Of constant use unclean's'd, line it within.
 And there a delphin mug, once rich emboss'd
 With many a winding leaf and opening flower,
 Of which no traces now are to be found,
 Obliterated all with barden'd grime.*

*But above all, methinks I see his bed,
 The throne, O Goddess, where thou reign'st su-
 preme.*

*The reaster bends beneath the load of dust,
 Which time hath scatter'd with unsparing hand;
 And curtains, tawny with incessant smoke,
 Hang graceful round in many a smutty fold.
 To shake the bed, or cleanse the tottering frame
 On which it lies, no hand hath yet presum'd;
 But unmolested myriads wanton there.*

*Thus lives FILTHANDER, nor can aught avail
 To move his firm allegiance unto thee:
 And may'st thou, Goddess, e'er such votaries find!*

Wrapt in prophetic vision, I beheld

The

*The times approach, when all thy baughty foes
 Humbled in dust, shall own thy general sway.
 For well we know that all things sprang from dirt;
 And beaux and belles and all the soapy train
 Of washing-women and of scouring-men
 Must yield to thee, and into dirt return.*

By this conveyance I send your Lordship two volumes of American poetry, written by two young Gentlemen of this city, neither of whom had all the advantages of a liberal education. Mr. GODFREY served an apprenticeship to an ingenious and eminent clock-maker in this city; but, disliking his occupation, soon entered into the army. Mr. EVANS's history you will find in the introduction to his poems. Notwithstanding the inequality and frequent incorrectness both in sentiment and language, your Lordship will discover
 some

some marks of true genius in these compositions—Both the authors died very young. Had they lived, 'tis very probable, these juvenile performances would have been consigned to oblivion, and their places supplied by more sublime and finished productions. We must receive them however with candour, as the first efforts of an infant muse, whose powers were just beginning to unfold, “whose beauties,” as Mr. Evans speaks in his preface, “were just budding into existence, when the iron hand of death cut them suddenly off, and left but the *fair promises* of future excellencies.”

I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's very sincere friend
and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

July 13, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the HONOURABLE J. H. T. ESQ.
of BOSTON.

SIR,

LOOKING over some of my papers the other day, I met with the following character of King GEORGE II, drawn soon after his decease, by a friend of mine in England, to whose sentiments in general I am inclined to be somewhat partial. It answers so exactly to the idea I had conceived of an English patriot King, that I beg leave to transcribe it; and desire you may consider it as a supplement to what I said in my former letter. Whether his late Majesty was justly entituled to the character

character here given, I leave to better politicians to determine.

“ To attempt,” says my friend, “ a
“ *particular* character of our deceased
“ Sovereign, and to trace his virtues
“ through every part and period of his
“ glorious reign, is far from my present
“ design. It must be acknowledged,
“ that the affections of his people were the noblest testimony of his
“ excellencies, while *living*, and the
“ tears of a whole nation, the best *eulogy*,
“ that could be given to his memory, when *dead*.

“ If to mount the throne of his ancestors with a determinate purpose of
“ maintaining and advancing its glory;
“ — if to enter at once into the spirit of
“ the constitution, to know the bounds
“ it

“ it prescribed to his own prerogative,
 “ and be acquainted with the just rights
 “ and privileges of a free-born people;
 “ —if to preserve those rights and pri-
 “ vileges inviolate, and in no one in-
 “ stance to stretch that prerogative be-
 “ yond its due limits;—if to make the
 “ laws of the land the constant rule of
 “ his actions, and conform himself as
 “ much as possible to the genius and
 “ temper of his people;—if to rule with
 “ a scepter of mercy, and crush even
 “ the insolence of the rebellion by God-
 “ like deeds of lenity and compassion;
 “ —if to spare the blood and treasure
 “ of the nation, by never involving it
 “ in unnecessary and expensive wars,
 “ but, on the other hand, to increase
 “ its wealth, to promote its strength
 “ and advance its reputation, by all
 “ the arts of peace and industry, by
 R “ encouraging

“ encouraging its manufactures, and
“ extending its trade and commerce;
“ —if to build his own strength on the
“ prosperity of the State, and fix his
“ Throne in his subjects hearts; to em-
“ ploy all the methods of Royal con-
“ descension and benevolence in order
“ to engage and preserve their affec-
“ tions, — in a word, if in *private*
“ *life* to maintain the character of ri-
“ gid and unshaken honesty in all his
“ dealings, and cheerfully to perform
“ all the offices of common humanity,
“ friendship and every social virtue; —
“ if deeds like these can attract the es-
“ teem and gratitude of a people,
“ surely our deceased Monarch must
“ still survive in the breast of every ho-
“ nest Briton.

“ Amid the shouts of successive vic-
“ tories, and the repeated triumphs of
“ the

“ the British arms, the good old KING
 “ was called to his long home. We
 “ are told in the public accounts of his
 “ death, that, just before the fatal mo-
 “ ment, he had opened the window of
 “ his apartment, in order to see, whe-
 “ ther the wind was favourable for the
 “ arrival of dispatches from his Protec-
 “ tant allies, anxious as he appeared
 “ to be to hear of their fate. This
 “ was, however, denied him. Thou
 “ hast had enough of conquest, said
 “ the Messenger of Death. Thou hast
 “ beheld the pride of thine enemies
 “ humbled, though their power is not
 “ yet crushed. Thou hast lived to a
 “ good old age, happy in the love and
 “ veneration of thy people. To put
 “ an end to this bloody and expensive
 “ war is not ordained for thee, but is
 “ reserved by Providence for thine il-

((196))

"Lustrious Successor, Thou must in-
stantly resign thy imperial Crown and
triumphant Laurels, and hasten to a
Kingdom, whose Crown is incor-
ruptible, and whose laurels are un-
fading and immortal, even to that
Kingdom, over which thy REDEEM-
ER, the PRINCE of PEACE presides,
who hath prepared for thee a Palace
not made with hands, eternal in the
Heavens."

The character you must allow to be
excellent, whatever you may think of
the justness of the application.

I am, Sir,

Your very sincere friend and servant,

T. CASPIANA.

PHILADELPHIA,

August 3, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

TO CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.

at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

YOU seem to hint in your last, that a spirit of resentment is in some cases not only allowable, but even praise-worthy; and especially, where the cause of true Religion is attacked, or a virtuous character vilified and insulted. I must differ from my friend in this, as I have ventured to do in some other of his opinions. And as an apology for this difference, I must beg his patience, whilst I draw the character of a truly *meek* man, which I will en-

deavour to copy from the Gospel Original. I will briefly consider his temper and conduct with respect to himself, his family and his neighbours.

With respect to *himself*, he well knows, that his spirit is united to an earthly nature of such gross and inflammable substance as is ready to kindle from the smallest spark, and, if not carefully watched, would soon involve the whole man in an unquenchable flame. He finds it his duty, therefore, to be perpetually upon his guard, that he may smother as once every rising spark, and thus preserve that coolness and composure, which are some of the most essential ingredients of his happiness.—From whatever quarter these sparks may fly, whether from sickness or affliction, from worldly losses and disappointments,

disappointments, or personal injuries and affronts, his peace is equally endangered.—All murmuring, peevishness and fretfulness under the former; and all wrath, bitterness and resentment under the latter, if suffered to take possession of his heart, will inevitably rob him of his internal quiet and satisfaction, and absolutely put an end to all real enjoyment of himself or the world in which he lives.—He knows, that by giving way to these evil passions, he subjects himself to all kinds of uneasiness and vexation: And inasmuch as from frequent experience of his own inability to resist their sudden and violent attacks he has learned to look up for superior and supernatural aid; he, therefore, turns immediately to the redeeming power of the Son of God within him.

For

For he knows, that he is a God at hand, and *not afar off*. Upon his Providence he safely relies; to his wise disposal he cheerfully submits, and on his spirit he depends for that spiritual strength, which alone can assist and deliver him in every conflict of nature.

The same gentleness, patience and submission manifest themselves in his whole behaviour and deportment towards the little family circle, with which he is happily surrounded. Some envious and intruding clouds, you well know, my dear CHARLES, will frequently intervene, and obscure the brightest sunshine of *domestic bliss*. Under all these, his serenity will continue unruffled. *Conjugal felicity*, and all the endearments of *father, son and brother*, he deems the highest that earth can possibly

bly afford. — To preserve these inviolate, he will bear, and forbear, and comply, and condescend, and use every winning and attractive art, that can soothe and soften, that can banish disquietude, and introduce harmony, peace and love. God is a God of order and love. Where-ever these are violated even in the minutest instances, there is a breach of his eternal law; and at this breach the powers of darkness will ever be ready to enter, and obscure and perplex and confound the minds of those who have made it. He is not, therefore, as the Wise-Man expresses it, *like a lion in his house, or frantic among his children or his servants*; but he governs his little flock with prudence and meekness, and endeavours to introduce Heaven into their hearts, and to make them an *Household of God*, a family of love.

With

With respect to his *neighbours*, he is particularly careful to keep his mind, under the influences of *Divine Grace*, in such a frame as neither to give nor take offence, neither to provoke *them* by any actions of *his*, nor suffer *himself* to be kindled into wrath or resentment by any actions of *theirs*. He knows, that consistent with all this meekness and sweetness of temper, he may and ought to maintain and defend his just rights, and never give them up, but at the demands of peace or charity, or some better claim than mere unkindness, envy or ill-nature can set up. As to personal injuries and ill-treatment, he knows that the worst of these cannot hurt him. So far from resenting, he forgives them from the bottom of his heart. For he considers the exercise of

meekness

meekness upon these occasions, not as an unmanly cowardice, but (as every sensible, philosophical and religious mind will ever consider it) as the highest exercise of heroic virtue: Because by this he not only defeats effectually the designs of malice and envy, but (which is an infinitely more noble conquest) he triumphs over *himself*, and leads every furious frantic passion of his fallen nature in chains. In a word, he considers a *meek and quiet spirit* as one of the greatest *ornaments* of human nature, one of the grand characteristics, by which not only the well-bred gentleman is distinguished from the untutored clown, but the *real* Christian, from the *nominal* professor. And above all, he sets the highest value upon this amiable grace, because the cultivation of it opens and brings to perfection that

Birtb

A. 'Tis a fair and fragrant flower,
 in its appearance modest, in its situati-
 on low and hidden. It does not flaunt
 its beauties to every vulgar eye, or
 throw its odours upon every passing
 gale. 'Tis unknown to the *earthly*
 botanist—it discovers itself only to the
spiritual searcher:—Neither does he
 find it among those gay and gawdy tribes
 of flowers, with which the generality
 are so easily captivated; but in some
 obscure and unfrequented spot, where
 the prints of human feet are rarely
 seen.—But wherever he finds it, he
 is sure to behold its bosom opened to
 to the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS, receiv-
 ing new sweets in perpetual succession
 from his exhaustless source.

I am,

Your very sincere friend and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

QUEEN STREET, Sept. 2, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Rev. O——D J——N, in Philadelphia.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I WAS not a little surprized the other day when we dined together at the honourable and worthy Mr. H——'s, to hear you launch forth into such high encomiums upon the character and writings of Mr STERNE. Unwilling to interrupt the chearfulness of the company by introducing any thing that might have the appearance of a serious dispute, I only rallied you a little upon your attachment to this desultory writer, and reminded you of some passages, the gross indelicacy

S 2

of

of which is scarcely covered by the flimsy gauze of his fine expression. You replied to me by quoting some of those tender and pathetic strokes, which we meet with here and there throughout his volumes, which bespeak, as you said, a truly benevolent and sympathetic heart, and more than atone for all the indelicate slips of his pen.

I admire those strokes as much as you do : But still I am not quite satisfied, that the feelings he describes are any thing more than those we have in common with the brute creation, at least that there is any thing heavenly in them, 'till they come to be placed under the direction of an heavenly power, and act in subserviency to its inward dictates ; otherwise, passion may get the name of virtue, and a finely attempted
frame

frame become the only Heaven we would wish for.

Suffer me, then, to *preach* a little to the *preacher*, and give you my sentiments upon true *sympathy* or *tenderness of heart*.

We mistake the matter exceedingly, my friend, if we imagine, that true *tenderness of heart* is no other than that *animal sympathy*, if I may so call it, which is common to wicked as well as good men, nay, which even the brute creation seem to be possessed of in a very considerable degree. That mixture of good and evil, which is very observable in the present system of things, frequently produces some very lovely and delightful appearances and effects.

When we walk into our garden, we find our senses most agreeably refreshed by the beauty, fragrance or taste of the various kinds of herbage, fruits or flowers, that spring forth from the common soil. We feel the meekness of Heaven itself in the calmness and serenity of a morning or evening sky. We are delighted with the sweet solicitude, which birds and beasts testify for their mates as well as their offspring. And we cannot but admire the fond attachment, the seeming friendship and gratitude, which some of the more sagacious among them frequently shew to man.

But as all these pleasing wonders of the animate as well as inanimate system are no other than the productions or births of this temporary world, so they partake of all the changes and disorders

ders to which it is continually exposed. They are born, and grow, and bloom, and come to their perfection—and then fade, and wither, and die, and dissolve into the original elements, out of which they sprung.

Man, considered merely with respect to his body, is no more than a *joint tenant of the shade* with the beasts of the field. The same instincts, the same appetites and passions reign in his earthly part. Like them he is subject to the changes of the elements. Like them he is born, and grows, and comes to maturity—and then gradually declines, and dies, and sinks into one common grave with them.

But then he has within him a spark of immortality, a birth of heaven, a ray
of

of the divinity, which, tho' imprisoned in a tenement of clay, can and will, if permitted, look beyond its narrow circumference into that eternal world, out of which it came. By its spiritual intercourse with the great father of spirits it is enabled to compare temporal things with spiritual, and form such a true and accurate estimate, founded upon its own experience and sensibilities, as will always point out that superiority, which the heavenly part with its heavenly desires should maintain over the earthly part with its earthly instincts and appetites. But perhaps it may be necessary to express this sentiment in clearer and more explicit terms.

There is certainly, amongst men, something like what I have heard called *constitutional* virtue, that is to say, a
virtue,

virtue, that takes its rise from, and depends upon a man's particular make or constitution, the state of his blood or nerves.

Thus you will find amongst a number of children of the same family *one*, that from his very cradle seems to be bold and intrepid, fearless of danger, eager and enterprizing; *another*, timid, irresolute, easily cast down or affrighted—*one*, haughty, vain, forward and impertinent,—*another*, meek, humble, diffident and modest—*one*, that seems to be a stranger to pity, tenderness and love—*another*, melting into tears at the prospect, or even recital of the least distress.

That this variety of tempers and dispositions depends not upon education is sufficiently

sufficiently obvious. For children of the same family are generally treated in the same manner, and similar advice and instructions are given to all. Now, 'tis very remarkable, that the same variety of dispositions shews itself equally conspicuous in the brute creation. Hence we may reasonably conclude, that in men as well as brutes they spring forth from that mixture of good and evil, which characterizes every object of temporal nature.

“ Ayé,” says the infidel : “ This is
 “ all very true—we are so born—we
 “ are so constituted—and therefore
 “ our vices and our virtues are alike ne-
 “ cessary and unavoidable. Talk no
 “ more, then, of your distinctions be-
 “ twixt right and wrong—our tempers
 “ depend upon the constitution of our
 “ bodies—

“bodies—and vice and virtue are but
 “empty names.

“A person in distress solicits my
 “charity—if I am a good-natured
 “man, as 'tis called, or if the applica-
 “tion is made to me, when I am in a
 “good humour, I most chearfully ad-
 “minister relief——But if I am of a
 “sour temper, or am called upon at an
 “unfavourable season, I turn my back
 “upon the object, and dismiss him
 “with wrath.

“I rise in the morning in an exceed-
 “ing good humour, pleased and de-
 “lighted with myself and every body
 “about me—I am happy and chearful
 “in my family—I walk abroad, and
 “salute every friend that meets me
 “with a smile. Within an hour or two,
 “all

“ all my feelings are changed. Some dis-
 “ agreeable piece of intelligence rela-
 “ tive to myself—some slight shewn me
 “ by an acquaintance—some little dis-
 “ appointment in my worldly interests
 “ —or perhaps, a little cold that I have
 “ caught—these, or any other trifling
 “ accidents are sufficient to oppress my
 “ spirits, discompose my temper, and
 “ make me feel dissatisfied with my-
 “ self, and every body about me. All
 “ my affection, my tenderness and
 “ love are gone: And whilst I remain
 “ in this situation, I am indifferent alike
 “ to virtue and vice.

“ Now then,” continues the exult-
 ing infidel, “ where is your religion ?
 “ Where is your morality ? Where is
 “ your gospel illumination ?—All is
 “ visionary—’tis the state of your blood,
 or

“ or the state of your nerves, that con-
 “ stitutes your virtue or your vice.
 “ On these alone they depend for their
 “ transitory existence. With these
 “ they decay—with these they die.—”

But tell me, thou poor purblind mor-
 tal ! Amid all these changes and vi-
 cissitudes, that attend thy bodily frame,
 what is it *within thee*, that thinks, and
 reasons, and reflects, and observes up-
 on every change that passes—and con-
 tinues to do so, let thy body be affect-
 ed as it may ! What is it that renders
 thee secretly dissatisfied, after thou hast
 amused thyself with all these fine specu-
 lations ? What is it that tells thee, that
 such and such things are good and right
 and proper to be done, and that such
 and such are wrong, evil in their nature
 and leading to misery.—and tells thee so ;

T

let

let thy bodily state and temper be what
 it will; whether thy present humour
 disposes thee to obey or neglect its dic-
 tates I do not know; when thou obeyedst
 the law, thou didst not live on
 it. Couldst thou read aright the volume
 that is unfolded in thine heart, thou
 wouldst find there the same language,
 which thy Saviour speaks in his gospel,
 that the Kingdom of God is
 within thee; that virtue, goodness,
 holiness, are not empty names, but that
 they are a real nature, of heavenly extrac-
 tion; that they depend not merely upon
 our occasional sensations, but may be
 called forth, and brought into exer-
 cise, independent of, and superior to
 them;—that this heavenly nature will
 regulate, controul and direct the sensual
 passions and appetites of thine earthly
 part;—that, whether thy members be
 1777
 s T gentle

gentle, lowly, meek, and forbearing;
kind and tender, or sour and morose,
this blessed principle, if attended to and
obeyed, will make both its good and
its evil turn to thine advantage; It will
overcome all that is harsh, peevish and
discontented within thee; and will give
an heavenly tincture, virtue and effica-
cy to thine earthly meekness, tender-
ness and love. It will teach thee to look
above nature, above instinct, above
reason, for that which is to set nature,
instinct, reason, right. It will satisfy
thee of the truth and authenticity of the
BIBLE REVELATION; and teach thee
to consider thyself and all mankind, not
only as children of ADAM, but as SONS
OF GOD IN CHRIST; only to be redem-
ed out of their present bondage, by
means of that communication which
the Redeemer himself hath opened be-
tween

twixt earth and heaven, betwixt our fallen spirits, and His own spirit of love.

From these few observations, for which I beg your candid attention and indulgence, I think you cannot but conclude with me, that virtue, goodness or holiness do not consist in a mere external decency of behaviour; that they do not consist in, nor are they regulated merely by our bodily feelings; but that they are the gifts of God in Christ, and to be received by the spirit of prayer in our hearts.

Were we once, my good friend, convinced of this, we should not wait for the mere sympathy of animal nature to prompt us to benevolent deeds. We should be kind and tender from a superior principle—we should find ourselves

selves, willing to answer the calls of this principle, even against the strongest reluctances of our earthly part. Our tenderness of heart would be even and uniform in all its acts and operations; and though our eyes might even refuse the tribute of a tear, yet our souls would be inwardly moved to do what compassion dictates should be done.

After all, do not think, Sir, I have been declaiming wholly against animal sympathies--They have their uses, great uses too--but then let them not be supposed to extend and operate beyond their native sphere--They belong to earth--they dwell in the earthly part of our frame--If we place them indeed under the guidance of Heaven, they will partake of the virtue of Angels--otherwise they will be no more in the fight of
 251(3) T. 3 heaven,

heaven, than the meekness of the lamb, or the tenderness of the turtle-dove.

Receive it then, as a maxim, abundantly confirmed by the experience of all mankind, that outward emotion is by no means an infallible sign of inward *clarity*; but that *tenderness* may often appear in the eye, whilst *avarice*, or some other infernal passion, keeps the door of the heart.

I am yours most sincerely

T. CASPINA.

1 QUEEN-STREET,

Sept. 10 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. P—L, of PHILADELPHIA.

My DEAR MADAM,

I WAS much pleased with the observations you made the other evening upon the nature and exercise of true social kindness, and the agreeable manner in which you enumerated some of the principal causes of that narrow, selfish, and unkind conduct, which too generally prevails amongst men. I am perfectly convinced with you, that we should behold a very different appearance in human society, were all its members attentive to the common offices of kindness towards each other—were all mean and illiberal attachments to self-interest banished from their breasts

breasts, and no other design pursued, but that of making others and themselves as happy, as the present chequer'd state of things will permit them to be.

Whilst envy rankles in our bosoms at another's rising fame or fortune; whilst we cannot bear to think, that our neighbour should dress better, entertain with more elegance and splendour, live in a better house, or keep up a more sumptuous equipage than ourselves; whilst we suffer a thousand little mean jealousies to creep into our hearts, and administer food to our wrathful passions, 'tis no wonder that christian kindness should have so little influence upon our tempers, and appear so seldom in our practice.

Whilst we suffer pride to take such full possession of our minds, as to make

us despise and neglect those who move in a sphere of life inferior to our own; whilst we suffer malice or resentment to harden our hearts against those who have ever done us an injury, or what we have thought an injury; whilst we suffer avarice to shut the door against the cries of virtuous poverty, and our whole time to be so much ingrossed by the calls of business, pleasure and dissipation, that we cannot find one leisure moment to visit the chambers of sickness, or sympathize with the afflicted or distressed; in a word, whilst we are so wrapt up in our own importance, and are so wholly attentive to our own private gratifications, that we can neither *rejoice with them that do rejoice*, nor *weep with them that weep*;—'tis no wonder that the thousand little endearing offices, which kindness would dictate,

rate, are overlooked as unworthy our
attention, or neglected as inconsistent
with our selfish pursuits.

Notwithstanding all this, so sensible
are men of the peculiar charm and
gracefulness of a kind behaviour, that
they endeavour to put on its external
form, and appear to others, what they
know in their own consciences they are
not in themselves. Hence the many ci-
vil, obliging, humble and condescending
modes of speech, which are in fa-
shion among those at least who have
had a polite education. A stranger to
these forms, and one who was actuated
solely by the feelings of his own heart,
would be very apt to form a favourable
judgment of the hearts of those, whose
outward behaviour exhibits such a stri-
king appearance of humility and bene-
volence,

When

When we bow one to another as often as we meet; when we declare to one that we are his very humble servant to another, that we are extremely happy to see him well; when we enquire with seemingly affectionate anxiety of a third, concerning the health of his family, and thus profess ourselves deeply interested in the welfare of every acquaintance, that happens in our way; — what is all this, but a standing proof, that men cannot but secretly admire, what they have not virtue enough to practise; and therefore have adopted the shadow of kindness in order to excuse themselves from the trouble of getting possession of the substance.

Our religion and our manners, I fear, my good madam, are in this respect much alike. And as we are too apt to commend our brethren with the forms of
kindness

kindness, so we are too apt to compliment our God with the forms of *piety*. Such a religion, and such morals will never bear to be scrutinized by the pure and penetrating eye of Heaven. Our kindness as well as our piety must originate in our hearts, and can only be obtained by a constant resistance of our selfish desires, and a perpetual *hungering after*, seeking and praying for such as are heavenly and divine.

My respectful compliments wait upon your lover, I mean in common language, your good husband; and assure him and yourself, that I am always

Your very sincere and affectionate
friend and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

QUEEN-STREET, *October 2, 1772.*

L E T T E R

L E T T E R X I X .

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.
at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

NOTWITHSTANDING all you have said, I must still maintain my first position, that every relation, state and employment of human life may be rendered subservient to the purposes of piety and goodness.—'Tis not the outward circumstances by which we are affected, but the inward spirit and temper of mind, by which we live and act under them.

The spirit of christianity, indeed, stands in direct opposition to the spirit

V

of

of this world. Its views and prospects, its hopes and desires all respect another world. Lodged within this tenement of clay lives an eternal spirit, to whose boundless desires no earthly objects can possibly be commensurate. Its present situation exposes it to a variety of delusions; and the fallen nature to which it is in bondage, perplexes it with a variety of contending wills, each seeking to obtain its favourite object. But when once this eternal spirit is brought to a conviction of the emptiness and vanity of all creaturely enjoyments; when once it is brought to see and feel its own illustrious origin, and to know, that its real happiness can only be derived from the great fountain-spirit out of which it had its Divine Birth—then the power of spiritual attraction immediately commences. Through a thousand

- thousand intervening obstructions it seeks, and will seek its true center; and every outward earthly situation, which it may be in, is, by virtue of its heavenly desires, made to contribute to the
- hastening and fulfilling of this blessed union.

The seeming interruptions which a good man daily meets with from the calls of necessary business and temporal employment, are no real impediment to his spiritual progress. He is careful to engage no further in any intercourse or connection with worldly men or worldly things, than he finds necessary for the fulfilling those private or public duties to which his situation in this world and the common calls of humanity and benevolence do continually

subject him. Such a kind of social intercourse, as calls forth these amiable virtues into constant exercise, he finds as necessary to his spiritual life, as meditation and prayer.

There are a thousand little offices of civility, kindness and respect, to be performed every day in our intercourse with each other, which, (if we would attend to them) would shew our true state of mind, temper and disposition, much more satisfactorily than those more glaring and shewy performances, of which we are apt to form too favourable a judgment. A thousand nameless sensibilities are hereby opened in our breasts, which serve to advance us in our virtuous progress, either by exciting an humble sense of our own weakness, or an affectionate exertion of our sympathy and love. Be

Be not dissatisfied, therefore, my valuable friend, with your present employment. Do not throw it up in a fit of melancholy. In your cooler moments repentance may come—and come too late. The superficial *Methodist* may encourage such a specious instance of resignation.—But all your sensible, solid Christian friends will bear their testimony against it.

I am, my dear Charles,
With the best wishes for your temporal
and eternal welfare,

Yours most sincerely,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

Q^r. 20, 1772.

LETTER XX.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.

at NEW-YORK.

“ THE world is full of tempt-
“ ations,” replies my dear
CHARLES—“ the multitude are always
“ in the wrong—always walking in the
“ *broad way that leadeth to destruction.*
“ Retirement is certainly the safest state
“ for me. I shall thus at least be free
“ from many species of temptation, to
“ which an intercourse with the world
“ exposes me. My soul must suffer,
“ whilst matters, merely temporal ne-
“ cessarily

" cessarily engross so much of my time
 " and attention. If I could but get
 " into the country, and have nothing
 " to mind but a little farm, and some
 " such innocent employments as belong
 " to a rural life, my soul and body
 " both would be much better for the
 " change.

Thinkest thou so, my good friend?
 I remember to have heard or read, that
 one of the primitive fathers (I think it
 was ST. BASIL) was for a while of the
 same opinion. Attacked by many vi-
 olent temptations from within and from
 without, whilst he led a secular life,
 he was sure that he should get himself
 quite disengaged from all, by burying
 himself in some obscure place of retire-
 ment. The silent cell of the gloomy
 anchorite exactly corresponded with
 the

the idea he had formed. He flattered himself that all would be peace and serenity there, and that his thoughts would be wholly taken up with God and heavenly things. But experience soon taught him otherwise. Though he had turned his back as he thought upon the world and worldly objects and their solicitations, he found he could not so easily turn his back upon the Devil and his own evil heart, which still followed him, took up their abode with him, and persecuted him even in his lonely cell.

The Emperor CHARLES THE FIFTH, after a most rapid succession of conquests, suddenly abdicated the Crown in a fit of dissatisfaction, and sought relief from worldly cares and disquietudes in the silence and obscurity of
worldly

worldly solitude. And yet if we may depend upon what is related by a very eminent writer, his worldly cares soon followed him into his rural recess, and his thoughts were almost wholly taken up with the political and military conduct of a son, by whom he was so shamefully neglected, that the scanty pittance, which he had reserved for his support, was not paid him without grudging and irregularity.

Now, if instead of abdicating his Crown, this mighty Monarch had abdicated his worldly spirit, his proud, ambitious, covetous temper and disposition ; if he had applied to the KING or KINGS for that true spirit of wisdom and government, which would have rendered him the happy father of his
happy

happy subjects, and changed his temporal into spiritual triumphs ; he might still have retained his royalty, and would certainly have found that peace and tranquillity upon a Throne which he sought for in vain in the solitude of St. JUSTUS.*

The poor man thinks, that, if he was rich, or had but what he calls a competency, he would devote all his time to the salvation of his soul. The rich man complains of being obliged to live according to his character and circumstances, and that in consequence of this is so over-done with company, visits and entertainments, that he has little or no time to himself. He thinks, that the poor man, as he is not capable of enter-
ing

* See *Dialogues des Morts*, par M. FENELON.

ing into the fashionable modes of life, can have nothing to do but to mind his work and say his prayers.

Physicians, Lawyers, Divines, Merchants, Mechanicks, young and old, all complain of something or another in their peculiar calling, occupation or time of life, which they say hinders them from being as religious as they desire to be. But they are certainly under a great delusion. Nay, 'tis to be feared, they willingly deceive themselves. They very well know, they have time enough and to spare, if they would employ it properly. There is not a man in the whole world, let his age, station, character or religion be what it will, but may *abide in his calling*, and serve God and take care of his own soul as effectually, as if he was in any other situation of life.

life. For 'tis a man's own fault, if he suffers himself to be too much entangled in any worldly employment.

Providence brings our duties to our very doors; and every day of our life furnishes such occurrences in our own particular way, as, if properly improved, are sufficient to satisfy others as well as ourselves, what manner of spirit we are of; whether we are still acting under the influence of our fallen and corrupted nature, or whether we suffer our heavenly nature to be called forth into life by the HOLY JESUS, and to do his blessed work.

This will be the last letter I shall have it in my power to write to you for some time. I have engaged in an affair, that will probably call me to England

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land in a few days. My stay there, however, if my scheme be attended with success will be very short : And I hope to pay my respects to you at New-York early in the next Spring.

I am, Dear CHARLES,

Ever Yours,

TAMOC CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,

Nov. 20, 1772.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A

PA G E 117. Last line but one, after the word
cloaths, should be a *comma*, instead of a *period*.

Page 208. Last line, for *attempted* read *organized*.

Page 151, line 5th, for *no religion* read *no state of life*.

